

# INGREDIENT

What to do?

Here it is - the very moment.

My whole life is surrounded by a vacuum, which is lit up only by a single dim red light, burning with the light of my even more imperfect hopes - to start all over again.

My weak heart is looking for easy ways - what should I do?

I'm not a man anymore. Not a man, but a two-legged impotence.

I'm a bundle of nerves writhing in pain! So what should I do?!

I have to do something with this! But what can I do out of what I should? What I can?!

The question "what to do?" has already tired me so much that it seems to me even funny!

I always used to answer it very simply and shortly - NOTHING.

ANYTHING is the most appropriate expression to clarify my position.

Only now, yes, damn it, only now I was able to collect my life from fragments, and only now, I begin to truly understand this mysterious word: NOTHING.

The fear that overcame me is only an illusion in my heart; the mystery that leads me to the underground ...

Je n'sais plus comment te dire....

myself ...)

(I do not know how to tell about

I don't remember exactly how I come to be here, but I remember that even in my very childhood I was incredibly disappointed by this world. Even then, in my childhood, the universe seemed to me no more complicated than a toy house from "Lego". I had no doubt that the notorious "society", of which I was to become a member over time, would not be much more exciting and brighter than the world of my imagination. So, unnoticed for me myself, one of the determining factors of my life was outlined. I struggled with all these factors with all my strength, I rebelled - but because of that, all my various fantasies

from the very beginning of my growing up were getting a taste of despair.

I warn you! I have an inborn passion to contradict; my whole life was, is now and will be only a chain of contradictions of the heart and mind.

Parole...

....Parole-Parole-

(Words words words ...)

It was then, in my childhood, that it dawned on me - I had to become a clown.

It was the last attempt to build a bridge between myself and people and my bad family. But feeling a comprehensive fear of it, I hadn't made up my mind for a final split. And so it happened that the jester's ape became the only connecting thread between Me and the World. A grimace of a smile never left my face, while my soul was tormented by despair. Harlequinade was a tremendous effort, I was always at the limit of my strength and could break at any moment.

Yes, since childhood I had absolutely no idea how my relatives live, what they care about, what they think about; and at the same time I could not reconcile with their dull existence. I was so afraid to become the one who resembles them.

Ecoute - moi...

(Listen)

It is surprising that my whole family was even more weird than me.

Sometimes my father shouted at me so that I would not put my elbows on the table during dinner, but he himself would.

Then mother used to scold me for slamming the door and would slam it herself even louder. And so on, I will not list everything. Memories of childhood are very dear to me and I do not want to darken them with sadness. Not taking into consideration the fact that I can't even call my school years normal, due to eternal persecution, I complained to my parents then, and heard one thing from them; -«You will mature! There

are still many happy moments ahead of you, fate at any moment can turn everything completely».

My parents, like all people, had their own "life plan", actions, beliefs, principles, and so on, but, like all people's plans, this "plan" did not work.

In my teens, I suffered my parents' scandalous divorce.

Since my mother suffered from alcoholism, by the decision of the court, my father took care of me. Soon my parents divorced and parted. They blamed each other for everything: my father always said that it was because of my mother that he had ruined his brilliant weightlifting career, because he had to find a real job. And when I used to meet my mother, she, once again chased by alcoholic demons in the blood, used to knock on the table and said that it was my father who brought her to such an insignificant state.

They were litigating for a long time and they used to drag me by turn through the courts and somewhere else.

Parole-Parole....  
words words...)

....Parole-

(Words

For eight years I lived with my father, during which he had a good cheer on me with his cuffs, allegedly because I was guilty of something.

I often talked with my father much more than with my mother, he seemed to me the only person I could talk to. I asked him about the personal, about the children's. And once I asked him; - "Dad, why do I feel lonely and like I'm not important to anybody?". And he replied; «Son, you feel lonely and useless to anyone, because that's the way it is. But when you grow up, you will learn to laugh at all this. ". For some reason I remembered it well. Somehow these words crashed into my memory. My father, like any normal father - tried to realize his unfulfilled potential in his son. Despite the fact that my father and mother have always been and will remain strangers with me, there has always been some indescribable abyss between us that separated us. My father often used to ask me: "What do you want to become, what do you want to do?"

He said: - "In this world, everyone must do something". I myself did not understand this, who the hell had invented this rule; everyone should do something?! The same question: - "Whom do you want to become? Decide" And how should I answer him and say that I am sick of this question?! The strange thing is that my father asked me, or rather got me with these sickening questions only when we went fishing with him. He tried to habituate me by force to his new hobby. Usually, when fishing with my father, I didn't want to be frank heart to heart with him, but just wanted to

throw myself into the lake and drown from boredom. As long as I can remember, I was always bored; when I was a child I suffered from boredom, being completely unable to explain it, basically, just as it is now.

Parole! ...Parole-Parole-

(Words words words!)

For many years I was taught and taught, although I was never interested in anyone's advice, I just wanted someone to be present while I was talking to myself and solving really serious questions. (The worst thing is to show calmness when your soul is quietly going crazy).

I am a terrible son and person, although as a person I am mostly just strange. Probably.

So after I'm eighteen years old, my father threw me out of the house, saying that I was an idler and that I should take up my mind.

That's how the whole World suggested to me its desires! And I, like an idiot, believed.

I personally was saving myself - self-analysis, self-discipline, self-education, self-improvement. All this, by the way, did not help, in general - it did not help at all.

Ecoute - moi!  
(Listen!)

All my past is remembered by scraps.

And now, for the first time during all this long time, something becomes clearer and I'm coming back. Something starts to come to an end.

Parole! ...Parole-Parole-

(Words words words!)

The main and special feature is that all this is not an accident at all; as if all this from the very beginning was going on as it should be.

I hear the words of the song "Parole-Parole-Parole"

I recognized this song! Yes, it's "Dalida & Alan Delon"

Dark. Hot. (But somehow it's cold)

How did I get here? No! No, this can not be, it's madness!

Parole! ...Parole-Parole-

(Words words words!)

Somewhere in the depths of my soul, a minute hesitation erupts, which mercilessly drowns the painful spasm that shakes my body.

No consistency - as if it was like that. .  
Everything changes chaotically, takes shape, and collapses - it has always been like that.  
Whose look is this? What a familiar look! This look. Whose look is it?

## SPIRIT COOKING

Stuffy.  
How stuffy it is here, damn it!  
So who, once again, has forgotten to turn on the exhaust hood?!  
I always have to watch over all this absurd disorder here.  
But what can I do? Everything has to be controlled by your own hand.  
I have a duty, a knightly honor. I always have everything under control.  
Why the hell is that music still coming from the kitchen ?!  
Much ado about nothing. Something seems ...  
- Faster-faster! Move you, girls! Well, why the hell is so slow ?!

Hurly-burly was coming from below, from the kitchen, I decided to go down there and restore order.

Coming down the stairs, I turned right through the door, then through a long dark corridor, opened another door, walked through wafts of steam, and in a moment I was in the kitchen.

Well, what stuffiness is here! As I suspected, the sound source was our Chef-cook Monsar.

He is always in bad mood. Always grumbles at everybody. In this case, the object of grumbling was, as usual, his assistant Yuriy. Usually, there is the second cook Alfred operating here too, but now he is nowhere to be seen. (Or is his name Alexander?)

Monsieur Monsar always insults everyone. Although in fact I doubt that he insults everybody in this way, he just communicates so specifically. Most probably.

Eh, all cooks are stubborn, selfish and think only of themselves.

I believe that the Chef-cook should be a little venturer. After all, when people are given under your submission, you don't know what to do with them. Of the dozens of people in the kitchen, only one can be the best. It's akin to war. The kitchen is a crazy place where something always boils. Consider the cooks are boiling with food.

Only there is one nuance here. Very important, significant nuance.

I am the Chief here! Let them shut up! I'll deal with everything here now!

— Well, slice it like a man! Faster! Soul! Put your soul into work!

So-so-so, apparently, they are starting to cook. But why the hell so much noise?

— Monsieur Monsar, let me ask - why are you screaming so? You can be heard even on the second floor, I'll ask you to speak more quietly when the

guests arrive. – As soon as I spoke, my words were met with indignant exclamations:

— To be quiet ?! But how can I be quieter in this steam room for devils?! Yes, we have here an order for two specialties, if I am quieter there will be no guests!

— But still, Monsieur Monsar, I will ask you to follow the rules of the establishment. Oh yes and would you, please, muffle the music? – (I hope he wouldn't start to beat dishes because of emotions again)

— Don't get me, princess! You'd better go and get busy! – This was followed by some slurred grumbling, and I decided to leave the chef alone with his pots.

Question solved.

Why does he constantly call me a princess?

I looked at the clock: half past four. Damn it! And there are still no waitresses!

Well, it's ok, it's ok, I always have everything under control. If anything go wrong, then I personally will serve visitors as a waiter.

While I was returning along a long and dark corridor, Monsar's screams were heard behind me:

— Where's my "ruy" damn it?! Oh, God, you are so slow! Move more energetic! Hurry, girls! And you call yourself cooks?! You are girls!

Yeah, Monsar knows how to set the working tone. He's rude and tactless, but I'm sure that he finds some pleasure in this, in a moral way. (I wonder what "ruy" is?)

Ah, well, of course, I almost forgot to introduce Alfred to you. This is the third assistant of the cook. I guess. For some reason I always forget about him. Obscure he is, in some way.

I left the kitchen and immediately met Candid. He is the chief of security.

But his work, during all this time yet, has never been implemented, since it's always safe and calm in our place. We are a respectable establishment, after all.

— Hi Candide, how are you? Wow, you have a new jacket? – I asked, and shook his hand.

Candide Jensen, a seven-inch lump, his face is covered with scars and his head is bald like a billiard ball. In the past, he was a sergeant in the Albanian Army (or Romanian?). He went through many hot spots, then he used to train special-forces soldiers until life brought him here. Candide often drinks. He carries a small metal flask with him and always hides it in the inner side pocket of his jacket.

...Parole-Parole-Parole...

(...Words words words...)

Who is going there?

These are visitors! (I know them, I almost studied their physiognomies).

As usual, the waitresses are still not on their places.

But I'll do it out now, I'll settle everything: I myself will accept the order, although this is not my responsibility.

— Welcome gentlemen, we are so glad to see you, let me take your coat.

According to the rules of our establishment, guest names are not pronounced aloud.

I led them to one of the tables.

There was silence in the establishment.

Grand piano standing in the middle was empty. Usually we have live music: a variety of classical compositions. But now it was too early for that.

It's strange that these two always come when no one else is there.

Visitors sat down at the table, saying that they had already made an order in advance.

I assured them that it was about to be ready, and offered to try a glass of fine wine for appetite, and something else.

Suddenly a sense of "deja vu" surged over me. The feeling of the absolute unreality of what is happening periodically accompanies me all my life. (But now I'm busy)

Instantly returned to the kitchen, I went down into the cellar, and took out a bottle of Château Mouton-Rothschild of 1982. Passing by, Monsar unfriendly looked at me with his only eye, and said that the dish will be ready soon.

I forgot to mention, although I'm not sure if this is important at all. Monsar has no left eye, a blindfold flaunts in his place, just like a pirate.

According to legend, Monsieur Monsar had lost his eye when he used to be a cook on a military ship. Gossipers in our establishment say that the ship just was returning after a successful operation. The soldiers managed to steal a flamingo somewhere and decided to ask Monsar to make something tasty from it. But somehow the bird managed to escape, he set off in pursuit of it. When he finally managed to catch it, Monsar tried to strangle the hated bird, but she pecked him in his left eye and it spread on his cheek. However, he plucked, gutted, and fried this crappy bird. Said, the taste was so-so. (Although I suspect that it was not a damn thing a military ship, but the most ordinary cargo ship, it's just that everyone in this institution is a chatter.)

Ecoute - moi...

I returned to the clients with a bottle of Chateau-Mouton-Rothschild.

While I was pouring this gourmet drink, they had a friendly conversation. Maybe.

— We have become the largest producers of alternative energy sources, wind energy, solar energy, it's all rubbish to divert the attention, even I myself can't believe that everyone bought this whole adventure with ecology like that ...

— Of course, of course, do you like it or not, everything rests on oil and cannot do without oil.

— The Large Hadron Collider is already in action. The N.O.Y project will begin shortly.

- "Mandela effect» will play a significant role here. We must be prepared.
- I'm always ready. But these damned environmentalists, like a bone in the throat.
- Don't get excited, if something happens we will use a figurehead, allegedly this is another leak or something like that. Everyone will see only what is predetermined.
- Need to increase supplies, time is running out.
- People have lost faith in the old myth, they are in desperate need of finding a new. They are longing for freedom, but until the end of their days they will remain in their thoughts ...
- Freedom? Why cattle need freedom? Let the peoples graze, they do not need a yell for freedom.
- Excellent wine. Everyone prefers the darkness of low truths. Yes you are right. Why do cattle need the fruits of freedom?
- Get to the point! We will discuss our oil business later. For now, we will be pulling time until our stocks rise. In the meantime, we have immigration problems in our country ...
- Immigration problems? There is nothing easier than making people hate each other. You surely know that there are no problems in the World. All problems are artificial. The countries that allowed these beggars to their territories simply follow the instructions from above.
- Stop playing these word games with me! Stop pouring all this nonsense into me, you think I'm moron, I know what you started, be careful, my friend, playing on two sides, as you play, the business is far from been noble. Think about yourself, what will happen to you for betrayal, THEY will not forgive you, THEY do not forgive mistakes...

...Parole-Parole-Parole...  
(...Words words words...)

I poured them more wine, and they went silent for a moment.  
 I believe that it's clear that they are politicians. But I myself could not tell you about it.  
 I must keep our customers confidential.  
 BReturning to the kitchen, to fetch the order, I watch in boredom as Monsar makes the final touches, adds the main ingredient.  
 The main delicacy of our establishment. Our business card!  
 I stood behind him and began to examine it. (Consider a delicacy, not Monsar, of course) After all, I finally took two plates with our main course. It looks really beautiful. Well, very, very aesthetically pleasing.  
 After serving the main course to the visitors, I stepped aside, and before I left, I waited for them to try it.

- You know, I'm still feeling weird. - The half-gray haired man said.
- Does it confuse you to eat the forbidden fruit? - The second one was already eating the dish heartily.
- I'm still not sure that it gives such a powerful effect.
- I don't know about you, but it helps me a lot, I always order the Forbidden Fruit, the devil already knows how many times, and I feel just amazing. A lot of energy, the brain works much better, and also it is



devilishly delicious! – He put another piece of delicacy into his mouth, as if an evidence confirming his words.

- Yes, you're right, and to find something tastier is hard. But what would you say about cooking your soul?

“You never stop to amaze me; I did not think that you know about soul cooking.” This is a forbidden trick. Is it dangerous. Fear God, my friend.

- God? Ha! Do not make me laugh. God wanted freedom, and from here came the tragedy of the world. God is dead! God will not be resurrected. And we killed him. The most powerful and holy creature bleeds under our knives and forks.

- “Listen, doesn't it seem strange to you that this eccentric waiter is talking out loudly to himself ?” Does he think we don't hear him? This is so strange.

Ecoute – moi...

Finally I retired to the staff balcony and lit a cigarette.

I don't want to think about what is happening in this institution any longer.

Time was passing, and more and more customers arrived. Here it is, my work. (somehow boring).

Finally, all the staff was on its places. Well, finally, they started to work!

I stood silently and watched the waiters, controlling the processes in the kitchen.

Regular visitors know me well, we are like friends. Probably.

I would tell you the details about how did I get to this position. But you must understand that if I tell you this, then big troubles await me. So do not be offended because of my hiding of these nuances. Very important nuances.

To be frank with you there is one secret: when bankers gather for dinner, they talk about art; when artists gather at dinner, they talk about money.

...Parole-Parole-

Parole...

(...Words words words...)

Dawn has come.

The establishment is becoming empty.

Everyone went away. It became so quiet.

Our cooks and staff also begin to leave the establishment.

The waitresses are gone long ago. Such lazy scums.

And now, only Me and Candide remained, who is about to leave, as I myself.

But before that, he comes to me as usual ...

— Finally over, this damn day!

— You mean the night is over?

— It doesn't matter!! Have to get up early tomorrow, I have to come to court again. Shall we have a drink, Emmanuel?

I didn't want to tell you this, but that's my name.

— No, I'm tired, I want to get home as soon as possible.

— Do not be a bore. Let's go to the kitchen. Tomorrow I'll go to court, I want to relax today...

Yeah, Candide was divorcing his wife, he buzzed all my ears with it.

As Candide mentioned; The trial is still going on, and it has been going on for three and a half years already. His ex-wife, by court decision, took almost all of his property, and even his daughter. Previously, they often talked about life, about life in general: «I feel good, I feel bad, I miss such and such, I want this and that, I am looking for new goals». Usually they lied, not on purpose, but it just happened so, and gradually it began to bother them both. Then they moved on to another topic - divorce. I do not remember all the details. Okay, I remember!

This lumpiness told me all the details of his damned life in a short time.

Wait a minute! How did I happen to be in the kitchen ?! Why am I still listening to him?

— Can you imagine ?! This bitch has taken away all my medals. Well, what the hell to her are these pieces of iron?! She just wants to take everything that is dear to me. She is mocking me like that! She even set a child against me. If I give up my position in court, it is for the sake of the child, so that this hell end for him quickly, they are small, they remember all. I know, I'm sure this bitch is watching me. She might be around somewhere. Maybe she's in the building now? Yes, yes, she is capable of such things ! Capable of that!

You have no idea what she can do to ruin my life! And then she will complain to this damn jury how crazy and dangerous I am.

In fact, I hardly listen to him. (Almost). To be honest Candide's deplorable position even amuses me in some way. I guess. (I'm not going to feel sorry for him, or give advice. Of course, you can give advice, but you can't share the intellect, and especially cannot use it).

— The years are gone. And I'm turning like an old man. I no longer feel alive. - Candide spoke and shed a meager tear. But this did not end there, this lump began to sob, like a little child.

— Be a man! Stop complaining. - Here I tried to cheer him up.

— I was a lone sniper! I served my motherland . And what did I get for that?

Most of my life I live out of habit, I spend so much effort, but it brings me nothing. Well, and now, fate brought me here, drawing me into a new game.

— What ?! A sniper? You said you were an infantryman or...

— I was a lone sniper! - Candide repeated and was crying.

Here is a liar! Each time he pours me his ridiculous military stories to fill a sense of self-importance, which is far in the past.

— Yes, stop whining! I'm talking honestly to you right now. And I completely don't understand what is going on in your head.

Damn it, this seven-inch overgrowth pissed me off with his whining.

Well, to hell with it, I have my own problems to the throat, I won't morally pull it.

Candide eagerly drinks from his flask. Yes, so that I wanted too.

— She may be here. What is it?! Did you hear the noise? – Candide shook several times in a very strange way, his face twisted, his eyelids wrinkled.

— No, it's just a draft. - I answered.

— It could be her! Damn it if she finds out where I work, or that I work at all; she will surely bring me to jail for the concealment of alimony. I will not let her do this!

At that moment, Candide moved fast and pulled out a gun.

Didn't he have to pass it after the end of the working day?

He jerked the shutter. It's already dangerous, damn it! Is this a combat pistol I'd like to know?!

Of course, I was scared, but my fear was drowned out by his fear.

— Did you hear? Again. She is here. Lie down! She must not see me!

It was as if some evil demon had invaded his body, poisoning his mind.

Candide kept screaming, but suddenly he fell down to the floor, pointing his gun at the door and pulled me along..

I hit my chin on the floor ... - Everything floated in my eyes.

Yeah, not a very pleasant conversation. Inadequate cries of Candida, this is not my first time hearing them. But the gun is already something new. I tried to maintain courage and pretended not to notice his drunken oddities .

I decided to take control of everything. (I'll deal with him now!)

I got up rubbing my chin and said:

— Take it easy! Get up from the floor and sit down. You are a man, aren't you?! Pull yourself together and hide the gun! Come on, move, got up I said! Sit down and calm down!

— She's here for sure, I tell you!

— You just overworked, and you have visions. Well, get up Jensen! - These screams escaped me involuntarily, so sincerely that Candide looked at me as if my words threatened him.

Candide really listened to me. He began to rise slowly, his huge ridiculous carcass touched the kitchen appliances hanging on the wall. There was a nasty ringing sound throughout the kitchen.

With trembling hands, he hid the pistol in his holster, and again began to drink from the flask.

After this, I feel like I need a drink.

— You're right! Forgive me for God's sake. I need to control myself. But, for some reason, it seems to me that she is everywhere. Do you understand? Everywhere! - His eyes brokenly examined the kitchen.

— Don't worry buddy, you just got nervous. May I have a drink? I usually don't drink, especially at work, but after the emotional hassle that Candide arranged for me, how not to drink here, damn it.

— Of course, take, my buddy, make me a company. You're right Emmanuel, right, I'm just tired of it all.

He gave me an almost empty flask, but there was still something at the bottom.

I made a swallow.

Oh hell! I feel like a flood of scorching mixture sweeps through my guts. Hell, I'm gonna vomit out now!

— Oh! What the hell is this ?! Vodka or what?

— What - vodka?! Are you kidding me! For me to drink this Russian rubbish! It is pure alcohol and a little ordinary water.

— No wonder that you have visions. Don't You yourself go crazy drinking this?!

— Crazy? No, I'm not going crazy, I went crazy many years before I started to drink. Although, frankly speaking, when I went crazy, it was the best event of my life.

I don't understand what is he about. I feel bad! Need to drink some water! It feels like someone committed a terrorist attack inside me.

What? Is he still saying something there? I do not want to listen to his continuous negativity.

If I get used to someone else's nagging, or even worse to think negatively myself, then soon I can begin to catch low-order thoughts. Maybe.

I don't even know which is worse: listen to him or to smell his stinky sweat and alcohol.

— Emmanuelle, for God's sake I'm sorry that I behaved like a psycho. I just sometimes can not stand it. Nerves give up. You yourself understand what these people can do with me if my wife tells the court that I work here. What can I say to her? That I work in a museum? Who will believe in this nonsense? Not only will this bitch sue me of all my hard-earned money and the last peso, and I will stay with a bare ass in the street. But still this is not the worst. You know, don't you. These people would not forgive me. They do not forgive. Do not forgive, Emmanuel. These people do not forgive mistakes. Who better than you knows this. Okay, now I have to go. Sorry, I'll go. I get up early tomorrow, I have a court. I'm sorry for God's sake.

Candide shook my hand and left.

Ah! - Well, really, can't this laggard normally shake my hand?!

I was left alone. I also decided to hurry off.

There was no need in closing the establishment. The guards were already at the posts. Probably.

The burning pain in my stomach subsided.

I got into the car and drove home. (Life is many days. This one ended)

But the strange thing is, upon returning, I was attacked by melancholy, unbearable and what is most important, as I get closer to my house, it was more and more growing.

Strangeness is not in melancholy here, but in the fact that I cannot determine in any way what does this melancholy consist of. (Longing captures people far stronger than poison)

I arrived home and parked the car in the darkest corner; got out of the car, took a step, almost ran. After - deliberately turned left and in fierce indignation found myself in front of a brightly lit porch ... - my porch.

A miserable house stands at the end of one of the many streets. However, the rest of the houses are not better. A street of unfulfilled hopes, a block lowered into the drainage of life.

Here I am at home. As soon as I threw off my clothes, I fell into bed.

The day has passed. I ruined it with my timid lifestyle.

Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look! This look. Whose is it?

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Today I woke up on the wrong foot, terribly impatient.

Whatever I did, I didn't like everything or it didn't seem to me the one that deserves attention.

On the other hand, I didn't imagine what could I like or at least what can take my attention for a while. What time is it? – hell, it's time for me to go! Losing no time, I hastily ate a meal of frozen ravioli that I have found in the refrigerator. Having finished eating, I immediately got dressed and in a hurry walked to the door.

I have no right to be late for work!

But suddenly I began to feel sick. (Here the hell is bad luck!)

The food was already working, I was very sick, vomiting started in my throat.

I thought that the nausea will pass, I even left the apartment, and went down the stairs, but I was getting worse. (Why me?)

In the dark corner of my front door, I sought relief, tried to overcome the nausea from which my stomach emptied, clenched my fists, made an effort on myself, stamped my legs and swallowed in fury what was ready to erupt from my mouth.

Finally, I ran into some gateway, cowering, blinded by tears that were covering my eyes, and I vomited.

My stomach turned into a cold, heavy lump of pain.

After all this vomiting, I immediately went to my car.

But in the parking lot: on my way there was a strange and suspicious man in a dark brown coat and some kind of torn hat. (Homeless or some crazy man of this city?)

I would not have paid attention on him, if not for one thing, his feet were bare.

It was the nakedness of his feet that caught my attention.

All my guesses were built not on his appearance, but on how he was looking in my direction.

He seemed to be looking right at me, although he was standing across the road from me.

When I walked towards my car, this original crossed the road and followed me. It seemed damn strange and suspicious to me.

Throwing my ass into the saloon of the car, I locked the doors and leaned back in my seat, occupied by wild fantasies, crouched in to the chair so that no one could see me moving my lips, and in the most ridiculous way began to talk to myself.

Madness was raging in my brain, and I gave it free rein, fully aware that I was the victim of impulses that I could not resist.

(My ass is itching and I'm starting to fidget a little on the armchair, it feels like there is something in my ass that I have to pull out)

Little by little my excitement passes, withers, and I calm down.

I can feel my finger aching and stick it around the collar of my shirt to warm it a little.

And here - it literally dawned on me: They are watching me. Without a doubt. They follow me!

But who? There are only two options in my head.

The first; people who cover our establishment.

Second; State Department of Crime.

Probably the cops were on the trail, someone passed the information about our establishment. And this someone may be our former client - or an employee? A rat probably appeared underground. Or do I know so much that my, so to say, employers, decided to keep an eye on me, and to get rid of me if something happens?

Gently pressing the gas pedal, I watched Him stop at the end of the street and stare at me through my glass. Our eyes met.

As if HE plotting something, something insidious, otherwise why the hell is he staring at me now? Someone sent him, that's for sure.

I drove away and my gaze no longer watched this eccentric. All the way, all the damn way, thoughts of HIM did not leave me.

Just in case, I made a couple of circles along unnecessary streets, just in case, because they can follow me by car.

We must not lose our vigilance and be safe.

I got to my destination without incidents.

The underground was empty.

Suddenly I heard a noise in the kitchen, and immediately headed there.

There was only one person in the kitchen. I don't remember what's his name. I just said hello:

— Hey. Why are you so early?

— I always come early. To start early my favorite work. I work on my personal recipe. A very specific recipe. And when I finish it, it will be a culinary masterpiece. But I miss one ingredient. And I don't know yet where to get it. I work in the avant-garde genre, preparing a new generation of food.

I'm making, identifying, mixing recipes to cook a soul. I believe that anyone can be intelligent and capable. But not everyone knows how to invest soul, emotions and personal experiences in their work. As our chef Monsar taught me; Culinary is the language with which you can convey fear, hatred, happiness, beauty, magic, humor, provocation, culture, in general - all, of which our life consists. The soul is created and prepared on earth, throughout life. - Here is a figure, haha, what eccentric expressions has he, this guy. But why do I feel that he is deeply puzzled and alarmed in his heart?

— I want to take this opportunity and ask you to raise wages.

— Salary? No-no. I'm not deciding anything here, man. Okay, I have to work, good luck with your art. (So Monsar brainwash him with his shit too?)

What is this guy's name? Remembered! His name is Frederick. Probably.

In any case, he is an inconspicuous guy. (Ha, he wanted me to raise his salary! "FUCK YOU!" if you want to do art, be ready to be without money - and by the way, I lied, I give out salaries in envelopes to all employees, but I can't influence its amount, I'm not in power here, and I won't just ask for someone like that, let him go to dick)

As soon as I left the kitchen, I saw another assistant of our cook.

It was Yuri. He very smartly greeted me:

— Good day. Great day for work, isn't it?

— Well, we'll wait and see what day it is today.

— You are always the first to come. I admire your attitude towards work. Perhaps it's hard for you to follow everything here? Okay, I'll go change clothes, today there will be many clients, I feel it.

Yuri had a black beard with a reddish tint, a strongly perfumed beard. With every movement of his head, a wave of perfume blew around me.

Wait, I kind of messed up, it was not Yuri, but Alfred. Or not? Maybe it's still Yuri? Damn them, I still can't remember them all, their uniform is to blame for everything, uniform drives me crazy, how I hate uniforms, damn it.

Monsar at least stands out; I think this quality is very very important.

Leaving the kitchen, I generally forgot why did I go there.

But suddenly, I saw the cutest creature on the planet. Probably.

It turned out to be a panda. She was in a narrow cage and was chewing bamboo.

It's a pity that it will be cooked today. She's so cute! Words can not convey.

Although, to say truth, panda stinks. I think it's ok.

And how does Monsar manage to take the lives of animals so easily?

And here is Monsieur Monsar himself. Now I will not actually guess, but I'll ask him myself.

— Monsieur Monsar! Let me ask you, how the hell you've got enough corage to take the life of this smallest panda? Well, how ?! Are you not human?

— Listen, Princess, I've just come to work and I have trouble enough without you. Listen and remember once and for all! At all times, the main and most significant ingredient is always the soul. A real chef cook is responsible for the death of every creature, a real Chef takes life and sacrifices it for the benefit of another life. We eat life to live. Everything in our life is given to us as a gift, but it doesn't mean that all this will be a toy. Either use life, or life will ultimately use or even cruelly punish you for not using it. However, if you show patience, then everything that is presented to you will eventually become edible. Also, do not expect all this to be a delicious dessert! Now get out of here, I need to work, unlike you - I have business to do.

...Parole-Parole-

Parole...

I left the kitchen. And since I am not able to look at how our butcher, an esthete; Monsar will cook this cutest panda, I'd better go for a walk around the area and distract from this negativity.

I went outside to get some fresh air.

The air here is humid, I wandered in silence. Wandering around the local neighborhood, I did not allow myself to go far. After all, work is waiting soon.

I listen to the sounds of existence.

Birds scream, sing. Big trees move. Everything moves.

My first feeling was a dull amazement that I found myself in the open air, but I know that soon everything will give way to bitter longing. I give my head complete freedom and let my thoughts flow unhindered and unconstrained.

Landscapes do not really inspire me, the calmness of the fields does not touch me, rural silence does not annoy me and does not appease me. Only sometimes I am fascinated by an insect, a stone, a fallen leaf, or this beautiful tree. Sometimes I can spend hours looking at, describing, disassembling a tree: roots, trunk, leaves, each leaf, each vein, another branch, and an endless play of various forms.

Perception is sharpened, it becomes more patient and more flexible, the tree decays and is recreated in thousands of shades of green, in thousands of identical and yet different leaves. It seems to me that I could spend my whole life in front of some tree, without having exhausted it and without comprehending it, because I have nothing to comprehend and I can only watch: because all I can say about this tree is that it is a tree; all that tree is. And that's enough.

At that moment, the monstrous and miraculous merged at some point; I want to fix this border, but I feel that I am completely failing.

Completely trampled, defiled, excited and humiliated in my own eyes, I returned to the underground.

Ecoute - moi...

Kipish-bustle began in the dead of night; there were a lot of customers. All as suggested by that well-perfumed Monsar's assistant.

Work was in full swing in the kitchen and dead flesh was taking an exquisite taste.

A live orchestra was playing in the hall. What a nice music! I've heard it already somewhere!

Ehhh. You know, sometimes you get tired of monitoring everything because it is almost impossible to control everything. (How damn tired I am, my spinal muscles are exhausted, my spine is sagging like a rubber)

I stood near the door, leaned on it and was looking, listening, feeling.

It was as if I was present at the play, watching from a distance, from the side, not taking part in the ongoing action, not being an actor nor an extras.

Surrounded by people and at the same time not among them. What a boring thing! Vanity.

Sometimes a feeling of boredom and fuss increases my anxiety. All the visitors were not like me, I let myself go, gave up, and strangely enough, at that moment I stopped understanding the meanings of the words that people uttered underground. As if they were speaking a language I didn't understand. (How noisy) All this was not a reality, but only a ghostly vision, an illusion. I have to be in my thoughts, because in fact, I have nowhere else to be! My soul is just a sound in the ears of others.

I'm intoxicated by the delusions of my dreams.

Meanwhile. I am looking at the visitors in a fuss, twisting my mustache on the thin finger of my hand, and thinking: "I watch over everything here, people trust me".

When suddenly I felt a push in the back. And, apparently, this push was so strong that it pushed me from the doorway, and I almost fell.

When I turned around, I saw the impudent physiognomy of Monsieur Monsar.

— Don't stand in the doorway, Princess, you prevent me from getting through!



What the hell is it?! I shook myself, overwhelmed with anger at Monsar, and answered dryly:

— What do you allow yourself after all ?! It was not necessary to push me. - I shouted back.

— No need to stand in the doorway, damn it!

— No need to push around! It's not beautiful.

— You are standing in the doorway and muttering something under your nose! You prevented me from getting through!

Go and talk to yourself somewhere else! Just not in the doorway!

— You could just speak to me, but not pushing.

Suddenly Monsar came up close to me and looked at me with his only eye. His eye seemed to be filled with anger. He kept staring at me. For a moment it seemed to me that he sees with this eye through me. All my fears, all that I hide; everything I think about; all that I never show to anyone.

Monsar said quietly, so quietly that it cannot even be called a speech.

It was like a vibration sounding in my head:

— I see you through. Do not mess with me, greenhorn. You are the only employee here who is just messing around and talks to himself. Don't stand in my way. Especially don't stand in the doorway, princess.

Monsar reprimanded me, and then immediately left, but I still was standing like in a stupor.

Oh, should I crap out of fear? What an inequable devil!

Why do I need this negativity? I just pretended that nothing happened, and returned to inspect the institution and its visitors.

Suddenly my eyes noticed an unfamiliar face in the hall, and in order to distract myself out of this strange state, I decided to serve a client dressed in a snow-white long shirt and the same white thin scarf on his head that hung down to his shoulders.

— Good evening sir, what would you like?

— As-salam alaikum. I'm waiting for a panda to be served. I came here from the very Saudi Arabia to try panda in your institution, that is known throughout the world.

-- Of course of course. But you have to wait a bit. Panda takes a long time to prepare. Today it is our main dish. Soon it will be taken out for all to see, and then you can start the feast.

— I'll wait as long as necessary, even until the day of judgment.

— What? I didn't hear or did you say the Day of Judgment?

— You were right. Judgment Day is coming soon. Fathers will abandon their wives, and wives will eat their children. People have forgotten Allah. After that, Allah made people forget themselves. Everyone forgot themselves. We are all dead and awaiting the day of judgment.

— Dead? What do mean by that? - Well, why the hell am I asking about this nonsense I've heard?

— Everything in the World is predetermined by the great Allah, even my appearance here in your institution and my conversation with you. Everything is not constant, ultimately, all forms will dissolve and change.

— Okay, I understand. Well, I have to go, sir. The remaining customers are waiting. Your order will be served soon.

Wonderful, wonderful - tonight is the night of Panda.

I saw this creature in the kitchen. It is really sweet, even feel sorry for him.

But our chef-cook Monsar does not know pity, he is a professional.

— Hurry up! Wimps have no place in my kitchen! More energetic, faster!

I was already leaving, when I heard that someone was calling me, and shouting to me: Waiter!

I'm not a waiter! But if this asshole doesn't stop snapping his fingers and screaming, then I can not restrain myself.

Of course I went to him.

— What would you like?

— Waiter! Waiter?! Why the hell it is so long?!

I'm not a waiter, damn it! I was overcome by terrible irritation. (Does he have something against me?)

— What would you like, Sir?

— I want to order a forbidden fruit.

— I am completely at your service. But are you sure? Tonight the main dish is Panda.

— I don't care, I want a forbidden fruit, and come on, damned waiter.

What are you smiling at? Am I funny? Are you laughing because of my height? Do you think I'm a dwarf ?! Gnome?! Or is it because I'm black? Are you a racist?! A Racist?!

— No no, please, sir. I don't think so, that's for sure.

He was a dwarf, indeed. He was very funny and so I could not help my grin.

But why does he insult me? (If it comes to, I will call the guard, and they will kick him out of here, fuck off, throw him out like a piece of garbage, no, like a piece of an apple stub!)

— What, are all the waiters here are so strange? Hey, are you smiling again? You think it's easy to be so petty ?! Fuck you, out!

— No sir, it wasn't you who made me smile, now I will bring your order.

— Only without salt and spices! Essential oils were isolated from spices to preserve foods.. Spices can trigger stomach upsets, blood pressure changes, and even cancer. Cooking is a gift from God. Salt and spices are the Devil's gift.

— Without salt and spices? This is a strange request, sir. But it will be done, sir.

— Yes, without salt and spices! Come on quick, I'm hellishly hungry!

Wait a minute! Your mustache! Ha-ha! What, do you think you're French?

— I will immediately tell our cook not to put salt and spices. Everything will be done in the best way and taste, sir.

Hell, this inferior dirty trickster dwarf doesn't respect me at all.

Maybe I really insulted him with something? Maybe I should call the dwarfs midgets? However, it doesn't matter, I didn't call him no this nor that. I just accepted the order, and he began to insult me. Damned dwarf! No no! Damned Lilliput.

Of course, I do not hold back on visitors, clients. I accept all their threats, resentments and insults as one of the inconveniences inherent in life and just as my work and another bad day. I don't even take offense at those who deliberately sought to insult and humiliate me. Inevitability must be taken indifferently.

Parole...

Later I brought the order to this little bastard, and he kept insulting me, calling me a waiter. But what particularly unpleasantly struck in the physiognomy of this dwarf was a disgusting smile that had nothing to do with gaiety and complacency, it flaunted his rare white teeth and made him look like a dog out of breath. To be more precise - a puppy.

At the moment, the waiters defiantly take out the main dish so that everyone can see it; Chilean-braised Panda, damn spicy.

Applause is heard. The waiters distribute the dish to the visitors.

A cutlery ringing is heard. Joyful voices fill the room.

Men talk while eating. Women eat while talking.

Music and wine are flowing. Everyone is happy! My work is done.

After a couple of minutes, everyone was already eating Panda.

All the news headlines tell that someone stole Panda from a Chinese reserve.

And here, on the other side of the world, our guests enjoy this wonderful dish. This is just a coincidence, I assure you. No reason to worry.

Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look! This look. Whose is it?

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On some of the cursed days in my empty apartment, or rather, in an apartment crammed with unnecessary junk - **"THIS"** returned to me again.

**"THIS"** is back! Returned to be heard.

Why are tears pouring from my eyes? How many times has this night been repeated?

Night? And what the hell I've been toiling all day for, damn it?

I need to get distracted. To abstract. I need to be saved.

How much I hate and fear **"THIS"** damned state, when the lack of strength makes you lie and stare at one point, and anxiety requires you to do something, and you are lying stupidly and choking, worrying.

I decided to read a book - here is my salvation.

Books have the same enemies as people have - fire, moisture, and their own content.

But I've already read so much that I myself don't know what to read. And again, I was left alone with the pain, by myself.

Taking my Laptop, I scoured sites looking for interesting books. But I do not buy them on the Internet. Just find out the name, and then head to any bookstore. I know, it is uneconomically. I am very old fashioned. (I'm a kind of snob)

Continuing to search the sites, I did not find anything. Damned online book lovers did not recommend a single book, because they recommend only that nonsense, only that belles-lettres, for the promotion of which they were paid. Actually, why is belles-lettres style so popular? After all, it is certainly quite boring to read it.

Belles-lettres, in any case, is pretty predictable. When reading belles-lettres, the reader understands that these texts are of knowingly poor quality, but either this is a soothing affection for banality, or some joy from the fact that the reader is not at all dumber than the author ...

Well, I don't understand what people hope to find in books? Happiness? Meaning?! The meaning is always bad. This damned gibberish can only drive anyone crazy!

All this scribble contradicts itself. Novels about people who never existed. (I have a strange feeling now)

Damn it! Now I have nor the slightest mood nor desire to read!

I believe there is no need to leave home. At least not today.

Better to stay on the couch and listen. Not even to listen, but wait.

Suddenly I abruptly closed the Laptop. And I did it, damn it, for a reason.

Each of the computers has its own chip, which means that you can penetrate into each of them if you wish. I do not understand: why netbooks, laptops and others do not produce with a built-in damper that would close the webcam?! There are many malicious programs that can gain access to a computer and monitor a user. Well?! "What the hell is stopping manufacturers from embedding the slider on the webcam?" In my opinion, this is completely logical. Probably.

A gray gloomy day slowly flowed into twilight, and then into the darkness.

It started to rain and gray, muddy drops washed my window.

Every year, in the rainy season, I remember her. Every year the same picture.

Every year the same memories. If she had not appeared once, there would have been no whole story. (Well, all right, that same story would have been, but only without it!)

Memories are piling on me - too painful memories.

The world is again plunging into darkness, and I - in its fierce cold.

What else to occupy yourself with, besides immersing yourself in yourself?

Thoughts about my life always leave in me only a faint aftertaste of sadness, (sad deep inside). A drop of pain that quickly disappeared, just like raindrops disappear sliding down the window pane, leaving a trace with something resembling a question mark - as a symbol of my life.

Putting the Laptop aside, I took the first book I got, the one with a familiar smell.

I dimmed the light a bit and left only one lamp on. Something about reincarnation was written in the book. It once belonged to my ex-girlfriend Veronica.

I generally kept all of her books. (It's not clear why).

But now, for some reason, I have no desire to remember her. (Not in the mood).

My apartment is literally full of books. The whole situation simply looks like a columbarium, where dead time is running out. Yeah, well, what a mess here, all shit. I have no idea what all these things are, candy wrappers, some stuff, empty plastic bottles, some kind of cable or wire, I

have no idea what it is from. Until I stumbled, everything was fine. My mess is chaos in which a lot of work is invested.

So strange, somehow imperceptibly, I was left completely alone in this life.

Those with whom I was in contact perceived me as a fleeting episode.

I am an inconspicuous stone, at the crossroads of many foreign roads.

Looking at my phone, which basically served me as a watch ... - on the screen; fifteen minutes past five in the morning.

I absolutely do not want to sleep. Sitting in a chair and racking brains over everything that has happened lately has also bothered me.

I feel that I do not want to see people, but I also do not want to be alone; I don't feel like sitting at home, but I also don't want to go out; I do not want to stay awake and do not want to sleep. I don't want anything else at all! I do not want to work, I do not want to eat, I do not want to move - just to lie in bed all day.

Right now, right this minute; THIS - has returned, permeating my whole being and humiliating me again. Again, again, I feel so bad, but why? I moved long ago, started a new life, started all over again, and now I'm living like a man, but again I feel so bad, as if I were dying again. I understand that I'm disappearing.

Then I heard a terrifying sound - wheezing in my own throat.

I can't stand it anymore. What is this black hole in my chest?!

I feel a great breakdown. It begins, as always, with mild nausea in the lower abdomen and inexplicable panic. As soon as I understand that "IT" has taken hold of me, an unpleasant state without effort becomes unbearable. Phantom pain gradually spreads from the teeth to the jaw and eye socket, and then begins to terribly, ruthlessly, gruelingly pulsate in all bones. Next in line is the well-known sweat covering the back. Tears are flowing like a child's ones, whose candy has been taken away.

I put the tip of my pillow into my mouth and began to moan softly.

My moans somehow become nasty, dirty, evil, they last all night. Этот стон исходил из самых глубин моего сердца.

My nervous excitement completely took hold of me, and no matter how hard I tried to get rid of it, nothing helped.

And so; I struggled to calm myself, sweaty from these efforts.

I stared into the darkness.

The most ridiculous thoughts come to my mind, and everything around me scares me.

I gasp and fall silent, I am filled with inexpressible feelings.

I got up, opened the window, turned my face to the wind. (Deep breath!)

In the next house they danced; the wind carried snatches of melodies.

After a few minutes, I get excited - "THIS" haunts me, it keeps returning and, finally, completely captures my thoughts and body.

Suddenly it seems to me that I hear someone's voice, that someone is interfering in my reasoning, saying angrily: "STOP WINDING UP YOURSELF"

My thoughts became more frenzied. Finally, I jumped out of bed and began to look for a water tap. I didn't want to drink, but my head was hot, and I was drawn to water.

After I had drunk, I lay down again and decided to fall asleep at all costs.

Closing my eyes, I forced myself to calm down.

I opened my eyes. What was the use of shutting them since I can't fall asleep!

The same darkness surrounds me, the same bottomless black eternity through which my thought could not break through. With what to compare it? I made a desperate effort to utter the blackest word for this darkness, such a terrifying black word so that my mouth blackened, saying: "**THIS!**"

**THIS:** Linguistic impasse? **THIS:** existential horror?

Is **THIS** something between a panic attack and apathy? **THIS**'s fuck up.

I must admit that I still have not found the exact explanation. And it's not because of my stupidity, my God, no, no, well, such a good person as Me can't be a fool.

How amazing; how bad can a person feel without physical reasons.

I listen to the sounds, carefully examine the room and peer out the window.

It's hard to breathe, it's like a lump in my lungs, I can't take a full breath and exhale. Tired and scared, I got out of bed again and opened all the windows in this damned apartment.

It feels like walls are narrowing and stealing oxygen.

I am walled up in silence.

I can not! I can not anymore! I can not breathe!

"THIS" casts doubt on my existence.

I can no longer remain within these walls and in the chaos of useless things!

I was suddenly blown up, for some reason I started running around the room in circles, hooking on the walls and one chair.

Suddenly, I saw a black hole in front of my loneliness.

The heart stops beating, the lungs refuse to breathe.

Then I ran out into the street. It was pouring rain.

I was running down the street in the pouring rain in my slippers. I was running without knowing where and why. Just was running, (If I would be satisfied I would probably stop).

The wet tissue got heavier and started gaining weight.

I'm soaked to the skin. But I'm still running, running and running. From whom? Where to? For what?

It seems to me that I do not exist any longer. I am only a figment of someone's imagination. Spark of alien consciousness. Someone invented me, invented the world in which I live. Whether I really exist, or I am only a ghost - is not important to anyone. Even to myself. Probably?

While I was running, the rain suddenly ended.

I already ran through the devil knows how many kilometers, when suddenly I saw burning disk that ascended from the bowels of the earth - the SUN.

The ray of the sun suddenly peered out from behind the cloud, then hid under a rain cloud, and again everything dimmed in my eyes; or maybe the whole prospect of my future flashed before me so helplessly and sadly, and have I seen myself as I am now?

Where the hell am I running, and why, from whom?

Suddenly, I felt pain in the left side. I noticeably slowed down the run.

Then I stopped, and looked at this huge generator, whose rays began to warm me. (Although most likely it was not the rays that warmed me at all, but my beating heart, which drove my blood all over my body).

Suddenly I heard the first songs of the newly awakened birds.

In the right side pain continued.

But why am I just starting to laugh at this pain? How painful! Ha-ha!

Tears hail down my cheeks, my laughter is more like a sob.

Choking, I shake like a paralytic, biting my lips, spreading tears on my face.

I am laughing. I'm sobbing. I fall to the ground exhausted and bump my face in grass and dirt.

Blades of grass clog into the nostrils and mouth. I spit, gnaw them, not ceasing to cry, "LAUGH" "ROAR" "SQUEAL" "MOAN".

I scream, roar, squeal, laugh about the fact that I don't believe in anything and that everything is pointless, but I can't doubt my own scream, screech, pain; at least I must believe in my own protest.

I roll over on soft and wet grass, on the remnants of dirt, I feel like I'm drowning in it.

I'm about to be torn to pieces from overwhelming emotions.

Excruciation that looks like admiring.

The thought flickers that the heart may actually not be able to withstand such a load.

This is both scary and fun at the same time.

I sit on my ass, raise my head up and start howling like an abandoned dog, tearing bunches of grass and scattering them to the sides with hands trembling from my energy that overwhelms them. The howl passes into the uterine roar. I wave my limbs like a whip.

I am like a baby who does not know what to do with its limbs.

Too many "I"? This is always too much, and from this all the problems are.

After rolling on damp ground, I got up and shook it off, but it was useless.

My whole body was covered with soaked mud, it seems that she even got into my underpants. I don't know what came over me, but that void inside me disappeared for a while.

Having returned home, of course, at first I took a shower.

Then, without hesitation, I drank half a glass of excellent Irish whiskey.

Not that I'm overuse, just so; for sleeping better.

I believe that alcohol in small doses is harmless. But these insignificant alcoholic grams were not enough for me.

I take a bottle of Russian vodka and pour its contents onto my face. The clear liquid cools the skin nicely.

No thoughts. Silence. Calmness and something else.

I take a few long, long sips and feel a cool stream running down the esophagus and falling into the stomach with a small waterfall, which independently heats up and turns into a hot spring. This feeling finally brings me to my senses.

I drank a glass and poured a second. And then again. Already better, damn it!

I'm starting to feel a bit of fun. I often have such soul movements, such impulses towards joy, even happiness, but not strong enough, unfortunately, they quickly fade. I wait and expect nothing.

Drinking for me is a hysterical reaction to my own failure and weakness. A kind of escape from the dreams of everyday life.

Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look. This look. Whose is it?

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IT ended in the morning. More precisely at lunch. The day was not good.

I am lying in bed, my back has become part of the sheet. Do not want to get up.

It's dark in the room, gloomy outside in the yard.

My head hurts and is spinning; fever crept over my body, over my existence, over my bones, over my pain, over my humiliation and elsewhere.

It seems to me last night I had a damn strange dream.

More precisely, it was not a dream at all. As if all night I slept not alone, but with Veronica.

But she left me a long time ago. So weird. Last night, I literally felt the warmth of her body, she hugged me, and as usual did not utter a word.

Does this dream mean anything? No, no, I do not believe in the secret meaning of dreams. Dreams, this is just a subconscious capsule that conceals the elements of memory, that is, all sorts of nonsense and mixture in the form of porridge, which we dream about.

But what is that feeling?! What is it? Hallucination, illusion, mirage?

It was all too real.

However, these considerations are stupid and, in any case, premature.

The strange feelings of the past days seem to me just ridiculous, I am not able to understand them. Instinctively, I avoid dangerous thoughts. Probably.

Well, actually, today I woke up alone. Which is not surprising and even logical.

Silence. Very quiet. Unnaturally quiet.

My heart was filled with fear. The body is almost dumb. Everything is floating in my eyes.

But after a couple of seconds, everything becomes even worse. Is this my room? But where am I here?

You can't even hear the sound of the clock hands. (Do I have a watch at all?) It seems that I don't have a watch. There is a watch only on a mobile phone. I don't remember anyone calling me recently.

I think my left kidney hurts. Or is it right?

However, I don't understand a damn thing and I don't know for sure what exactly hurts me.

Should I drink something for prevention, some medicine?

Ha, well, of course not! I was just joking, I never take medicine. Medication does not cure disease. This is a hoax of medical monopoly.

More recently, coughing was treated with heroin, opium was prescribed as a painkiller, and mercury was considered the best remedy for sexually transmitted diseases.



Just a hundred years later, for some reason we are sure that now on the shelves of pharmacies and in hospitals - exclusively healing drugs.

"Swallow and don't think!" is the slogan of commercial medicine. Almost all modern pharmacies have become real supermarkets, and more than half of the goods in them are not medicines at all. Here are the rascals! Do they think that all people are morons ?!

Yes, everyone has long known that the best cure for all diseases is soda!

Now soda can be used almost everywhere. This is one of the few universally available cost-effective and proven tools of our time.

To wash the dishes? Yes please. To clean the carpet, sink, bath? Not a problem.

Soda eliminates bad odors. And it heals from many diseases. It is due to the effect on the acid-base balance of the body.

I do not treat myself and have never been treated, although I respect medicine and doctors. But I respect only for their "artistry." The art of medicine is to entertain the patient while nature is treating the disease. Or aggravation. Most likely, I cooled the lower back, and this is not surprising - after a recent extreme run. I refuse to do anything, I will wait until it passes by itself.

Лёжа на кровати, я словно чуял специфический запах Вероники.

But this is impossible because I moved a long time ago, she had never been in this apartment. Perhaps this is all my fantasy. But this feeling in the chest, it makes you believe in the illusion.

Rising from the bed, I headed to the bathroom.

I took a shower, I put myself in order. Another day?

After which I immediately drank a glass of soda on an empty stomach. Wonderful!

It is necessary to use soda on the fasting stomach because in the morning it has a neutral environment: neither acid nor alkali prevails. First of all, the acid-base balance of the body is leveled, a biochemical balance occurs; the metabolism in the body is restored, the tissues are again replenished with oxygen, and there is no oxygen deficiency in the body.

Opened the closet that is clogged with my favourite costumes.

Suits, shirts, ties, vests, shoes, all from: "Van Laack", "Piacenza" and something else - and this is not even the beginning of my collection - all without exception in a strict classic style. Style is very important, I have to have a face, I have authority, people look at me. And who do they see? - a fashionable, stylish, responsible, cool guy you can rely on. Since I don't have workwear at work, I prefer to appear in front of visitors as a person who represents our institution in the right way.

I love clothes - this is my fetish.

As they say - one is met by clothes, and escorted by clothes quality.

Style is an easy way to say complex things.

Clothing, shoes, accessories ... - the most common object of fetishism.

No wonder, because they are directly in contact with the human body and, by association, can easily "replace" it.

Clothes and other trinkets - everything in this world does not belong to me, we just sometimes find each other.

Suddenly, I decided to take a walk. So to say, it will be airing in my new, recently ironed jacket from «Ralph».

There is still a lot of time to work (Oh, and I slept so little!).

I went outside. To be honest, I just want to go for a walk, I want to drown out the alarm that once again seized me.

Finally, barely, (Morally), reaching the parking lot, I got into my "Renault Capture".

Then I pressed the gas pedal. The sounds of a quiet and pleasant motor were heard.

My baby and I started off.

But as soon as I gently pressed the gas pedal, I saw HIM.

Did he stare at me again?

This is not the first time I've met him. He often hangs around here.

This eccentric in a tasteless, light brown coat and some damned panama hat, was he deliberately staring at me? (did HE mix me up with someone?).

What does he need? Does he really see someone in me, has he mistaken or maybe he just looks not at me, but at my Renault Capture? (does HE just want to be like me ?!)

Yeah, hell, he envies me, he wants to be like me.

I'm cool - this is the only rational explanation for EVERYTHING.

I was driving on around the city, and the feeling of persecution did not leave me.

This is not the first time I've met this mysterious man in a light brown coat, he constantly comes across in my area, and deliberately irritably stares at me.

Are my suspicions true? Are they watching me, some special services?!

Suddenly a cyclist jumped out of nowhere.

My thoughts were interrupted, and I sharply hit the brakes. I almost hit a man!

We almost collided, this freak also began to be indignant:

- Oh, my God! You almost hit me, mister! I ask you to be careful next time!

Opening the window, I sighed heavily and exhaled a sense of adrenaline.

I wanted to apologize, ask for forgiveness, but the following words came out of my mouth, as if not of my will:

- You yourself flew onto the road! Fool, look where you are going!

— Go yourself, damn lousy! - This villain mounted a bicycle and quickly rushed off.

It feels like all the drivers, all the pedestrians, watched the quarrel.

Damned cyclists! They ride here and do not even look around. And when you show driving skills and save them from death, they are outraged! Although, I probably go too far?

Maybe I shouldn't have yelled at the guy like that? No! It's his own fault! Fuck him!

From all this, my temples started to hurt.

Having parked in one of the districts, I got out of the car and headed for the first lane I came across. Not that I planned to go here, I just went where my eyes look, and now I'm here. I'm thinking of buying books for myself. Belles-lettres is sick of me. I want something new. I have not read the Bible, and I will not read.

Modern man considers the Gospel, at best, a godly tale of desired events. (Because it is so!) In places it's very sweet, sometimes doubtful, and sometimes outrageous and, most importantly, very much contradicts logic. (Who is God if there is no man?)

Now I know what I'll buy, I just need to find a bookstore.

Where am I? Where have I wandered ?! Torn out from the usual course of things, I don't know how I found myself plunged into an incomprehensible chaos in which I do not distinguish anything; and the more I think about my current situation, the less I can understand where I am.

So so so .... is there a subway station nearby?

Not far from the station was located Chinatown, which smoothly turns into Arabic. One way from the subway station begins the boulevard with Chinese whore girls. On the other side is a bazaar where stolen goods are traded. Probably.

Damned immigrants have spoiled all the streets, but in order not to provoke negativity in my soul, I will perceive this street mess as an urban contrast.

Ah, what a wonderful day! So cool, everything is moving.

I was literally imbued with this joyful day, today I love people and the world.

And why did I go towards the bazaar?

I'll go to Chinatown, see what's there, I'm not in a hurry, I can go through the flea markets, maybe I'll look up something there for myself.

I wandered around the streets for a long time, sometimes even deliberately making circles to walk my loneliness without thinking about anything, then unnecessarily stood on some corner and turned onto a side street, although I had nothing to do there. (It seems to me, or are all passersby looking at me?).

With histrionic cheerfulness, I am still walking along the damp asphalt.

Meanwhile, I turned the corner, walked along a quiet street past the houses with kindergartens, I again felt that I had made a great trip.

Suddenly I saw a shop. And where am I? It's strange. I often walk around the city and notice all these streets for the first time! Can city authorities expand the area?

I don't remember, definitely, this street is unfamiliar to me, damn it, it wasn't here before. Probably.

There he is: a bookstore! (Did I really look for him?) And what did I want to buy from books? It doesn't matter, I'll come and see what is there. As soon as I approached the door, I saw an inscription in big black letters: "Only beautiful people can read. A request to ugly people not to go to the store. "

What nonsense is this? This is probably just a joke.

I went to the store.

The doorbell above my head rang loudly and desperately.

The first thing I saw was the seller. Or a saleswoman?

One of two things: it is a man in a Japanese kimono with a fan in his hands, or it is just an ugly woman. This uncertainty said:

"Haven't you seen the sign on the door?"

— What? But I, as it looked, thought it was not serious that it was just an innocent joke, just like myself.

- Went from here!

- So, calmly! Just do not be rude! Everything is fine.

"I'm going out of the counter now and throwing you freak out of here!"

Read the inscription on the door!

- Quiet. Calmly. Take it easy. Do not be so rude to visitors. I am a very nice and cool person.

Damn it, even by voice I can't figure out this androgynous seller.

This crossdresser or ugly woman annoys me. I waved my right hand, and pointed to the first shelf that came across. There were not so many books there.

- I want to buy all these books!

— Buying books is a good idea, ah, if you could also buy time to read them. Okay. Buy and go, freak. Live. Hurry up!

So does it agree? I knew that money is what matters!

But if you continue to treat customers this way, then you can go broke.

Looking for an interesting book for me, I was still studying the mysterious seller.

Is it a man or a woman? I don't know.

A mysterious, asexual salesman was dressed in a classic Japanese yukata.

Silhouettes of the sun and pink sakura petals were painted on the yukata.

It was still waving in front of itself with a fan of Japanese, or maybe Chinese characters.

- Stop muttering under your breath! Buy, hurry up, you insult me with your ugliness! - He or she kept repeating this. Tired of him. Or tired of her. Oh, there! I'll buy this book! (I just don't know why?) I saw a very strange book, or rather its price, and could not restrain my surprise.

— "Liber Primus" Price is one million dollars ?! What kind of nonsense, what price is it and who wrote this book?!

— It's me! Although, frankly speaking, I never wanted to be a writer, I always dreamed of becoming a Mangaka. So weird. While writing this book, I have resolved many life problems. Is it funny? Writing turned out to be a powerful way to cure all troubles and problems, and after writing, life becomes as it should. - answered the uncertainty, waving her fan.

— Are you an author? But why is there such an inadequate price, is there a prescription for cancer out there?

- Never mind. Buy and hurry!

Going to the checkout, I paid with my card and began to regret little by little that I had bought books, which for the most part I didn't need. Like everything else that I have.

Standing at the counter in a dumb surprise, startled, destroyed, I take a step towards the door and stop again.

I stare at the wall; there, on a leather lace, a bell hangs, and under it a bunch of ropes.

I was still in the dark; is it a man or an ugly woman?

- Why are you staring? What do you suggest my gender identity?

- By God, I did not expect anything. And anyway, I don't care. - I said, after which I immediately paid off with this incomprehensible and rude seller, I put as much as twenty-one thousand yen over the mountain of waste paper.

I left this filthy store with a strange peculiar smell.

And so I trudge with packages full of damned books along a narrow street.

With every meter, a bag of cursed books got heavier.

I have no idea what I bought there. But it doesn't matter, I'll read everything all the same.

I recalled for a long time where I've parked. This is the eternal problem of any metropolis.

And so, a very serious question is coming; Where the hell did I park my car?

Meanwhile, while I was looking for my car, there was some kind of demonstration on the street. The young man agitated very loudly through a cardboard megaphone:

— Attention! Attention! Do not pass by and hear about atrocities on animals!

The annual massacre of dolphins in Denmark off the coast of the Faroe Islands! It is hard to believe that this can happen in a civilized Denmark. Every year, a huge number of people gather in the Faroe Islands in Denmark, each of whom wants only one - to kill Calderon dolphins faster! At the initiative of international organizations, activists and simply not indifferent people, we all came together to stop the killings ...

Ignoring him, I just walked past. But suddenly, this guy handed me some flyer, after which he looked like a person who wants to sell something.

- Hello, I represent the Society for the Protection of Cetaceans and Dolphins.

I inform the public that twenty-nine dead sperm whales were found on the coast of Germany, but the most terrible find was in their stomachs. Their stomachs were full of plastic waste. And this suggests that people should stop making garbage dumps from the ocean. - the guy was still speaking. He handed me a brochure. How strange. A feeling of deepest disgust flashed for a moment in the subtle features of this young man. By the way, he was remarkably good-looking, with beautiful dark eyes, light brown hair, taller than average, thin and slender. "Why is he following me and telling all this?"

I took the flyer and replied: - Thank you, I'll read it when come home. In fact, I took the flyer just out of politeness.

The sun has just set, daytime warmth has remained in the air not for a long.

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This morning I got up early from bed, jumped up with excitement, as if right now, right at that moment something would begin to happen.

Something very, very significant!

I believed that now, right now, there is coming and will certainly come some kind of radical turning point in my life.

That's about to come.

Alas, nothing happened.

Nothing at all. Today is clearly not my day, not that leg, not that bed.

Today I am clearly not myself, well, or too much "yes myself".

Okay, I'll wait, I'll wait until time passes, or rather disappears.

Everything is as usual; the morning was ordinary, so ordinary that it even was making disappointed. My very existence cripples me. I do not live, but barely subsist.

Due to boredom and that ordinality I turned on the TV.

I rarely watch TV, usually it's not even plugged in.

But this time, I decided to turn it on.

It seems I have not turned it on since I moved to this apartment.

Stupidly clicking channels of useless advertisements, I suddenly came across news reporting that "Many residents are against accepting refugees; we don't want to see these impoverished immigrants in our streets, which are already becoming slums because of them! "

Then I switched. But all of a sudden, on this damned box they showed a replay of the broadcast; how mass demonstrations took place on the streets. Was that today?

About a hundred people rally against the exploitation of Dolphins.

All participants were wearing T-shirts and sweaters, which depicted a variety of bullying dolphins. In their hands they had posters on which were various inscriptions: "Dolphins are better than people", "Dolphins are not just fish" "Down with exploitation" "Do you like when you are thrown a ball?"

I have to say that it all looks pretty funny. Funnier than immigrants.

They broadcasted in that box like protesters were walking along the street and chanting their slogans, but suddenly someone started a fight. Complete chaos began, everyone began to beat everyone.

All who fell into the hands of angry demonstrators received their portion of their opinion about the injustice towards dolphins.

Apparently, residents completely ignore the chaos that is happening outside.

Suddenly, I remembered about the flyer, which was handed to me by a guy from the so-called Dolphin Defense Society and someone else. Having found the crumpled brochure in the pocket of my trousers that were in the closet, I smoothed it out. And why did I suddenly remember this brochure? A flock of dolphins swimming on the sea against the backdrop of the rising sun was drawn on this brochure. Sitting at the table, I opened it and began to read: "Dolphins are not fish!" "A high degree of self-awareness and social consciousness allows Dolphins to show emotional sympathy" "No need to think! Dolphins are just awesome. "

At the bottom of the brochure, I saw the address of their community site.

I decided to see what they have on this site..

Crouching at the table, I took the Laptop and immediately opened the web page. I started browsing their site and for about an hour I was enriching with information about dolphins and whales.

Through Laptop they can track me, but I don't mind, here are fools, that's a mug's game! The achievement of technical civilization is the crutches of humanity.

In the end, I went to the forum, deciding to talk with dolphin advocates.

Lord, my God, there is more passion on the Internet than in real life.

I opened the last topic - there was a hot discussion of the latest events:

- "Jerry is in the hospital, they say that he will stay there for about a month"
- "It doesn't matter, we will still get even with these bastards. Together we are strong!"

"Does anyone know who attacked our guys during the protest?"

"No, until now we weren't able to find them. But we are looking for these provocateurs "

- "It is unlikely that we will be able to find them, the video does not show who started it. I'm sure that this government made this setup, they want to make us aggressive psychopaths "

- "They do not care at all! They want to limb apart further our home planet! The climate is getting worse! Soon, neither people nor dolphins will have a life here "

"How could they drive this provocation?" Now it will be really hard for us to justify ourselves in the eyes of society "

- "Lord God, by your angels, your great power, may you cast out demons from this World, help us, unworthy servants of yours, deliver us from all the powers of the dark, dissolute, save us from all sorcery, witchery and save us from bad people who serve evil . Lord, by the light of your radiance, cast out the devil's bastards! Amen."

- "Our society is run by crazy people. Pursuing crazy goals. I think I understood IT when I was 16, all my life I expressed it differently, all my life I tried to say it, but today I can formulate it; Only Anarchy will save the world! We must confront secret societies and secret orders. Around the world, we are confronted by a monolithic, ruthless conspiracy that secretly expands its sphere of influence, seeping in instead of invading, overthrowing power instead of choice, and intimidating instead of freedom. And this conspiracy built a strong, highly efficient machine that carries out military, diplomatic, reconnaissance, economic, scientific and political operations. The conspiracy tacitly is setting in. There is an exit! Do you hear me?! There is a way out !! A man can become what he was born! Free and independent! You need to become a Superman, but the very concept of "superman" is forbidden, this forbidden concept, the forbidden word and Friedrich Nietzsche have been banned, forbidden to understand Dostoevsky, banned Jack London. Why is superman forbidden? Because the superman cannot be controlled! The superman against the system of rotten capitalism! The superman is freedom, THEY are afraid of free people, they are afraid of the superman, because the superman will overdo them all, the superman will take away their POWER! Therefore, all these scum do not need a superman. What is a superman? - The government and the entire elite, they are scum! So said Zarathustra. You need a leader! And I am the leader !! Together we will have strength, and we will show this strength in the dolphinarium! You are all children! Children who need to wake up! Wake up and raise the flag !! And our flag will be black and white. The white letter "A" as the light of love of our association. And what's behind is the enormous darkness of anarchy. THIS: infinity. Glory to Anarchy !!

"Have you heard about the attack by immigrants on our residents?" It would be necessary to throw them out of our beautiful city, until it turned into another European slum. The game of tolerance will end very badly for all of us. "

- "I would have committed lynching. Shoot all immigrants at the border. To expel everyone who is in the city, let them go and pump up human rights in

their country, because we and our ancestors have been doing this for centuries in our country. If we remain silent and have nothing to do, then soon these geeks will replace the indigenous population. "

- "Our country needs Dharma. Dharma is a real salvation for all of Europe. We must divide people into caste systems. "

- "And what is more correct? An immigrant or an emigrant? Or does it all depend on the point of view?

- "Hey people! Who will go to the club today for an environmental party?

- "And what are you only thinking about?! We have a different goal! Nobody will help the Dolphins besides us! That's what we need to focus on! And anyway, guys, how the hell did this stupid immigrant manage to escape from the guarded camp? Is this a provocation? "

- "What's the difference?! All the same, all these problems are not happening in our country! "

How, the hell, strange and interesting. I decided to join the online correspondence:

"Hello, this is the first time I've been to your forum. I am imbued with your love for the Dolphins and would like to know how I can help them."

- "Hello"

- "Hello, welcome to the Society for the Protection of Dolphin-like and Cetaceans.

- "Another warrior in the fight for justice?"

- "I welcome you, firstly you can sign a petition for the release of dolphins from dolphinariums. Secondly, you can donate the amount to the fund to combat the whaling industry. You can also become a full member of the dolphin liberation society, but this requires a greater commitment to the cause. "

- "Well, I will sign the petition, but what exactly is required in order to enter your society?"

- "To do this, you need to personally meet with members of society and prove your dedication to the liberation of dolphins. But this is for those who are really ready to devote themselves to this goal. If you just want to help, then you, as I said, can support us financially or with your voice. "

- "Yeah. I'll do it, bye. "

- "Wait a minute! We also collect donations; If it does not bother you, donate to our community the amount that you can afford. This site provides a link to donations. Our community is raising funds to clean the seas and oceans that are polluted with oil waste. "

I ignored this request, and I just get acquainted with the site, no more.

I am not going to sacrifice. Well, of course, their goal is noble, but not for my hard-earned pounds. Anyway, all this reminds me of some kind of sect. But dolphins are still cute and good creatures, and in many ways better than humans..

Well, enough of dolphins and immigrants for today, it's time to get ready for work. You need to work - if not out of loving hard work, then at least out of despair, because, in truth, work is not as boring as entertainment. (It's necessary to surf the Internet less often, otherwise I'm constantly sticking to websites and reading or even worse texting about some nonsense that everyone doesn't care about, and even I don't care myself).

How my back hurts, damn it, I probably got it stiffed. And knees, elbows hurt too. I can't just sit at the table. The tremor of ugly hands goes into a cramp and echoes throughout the sluggish body, stopping at my feet. They



begin to knock nervously, giving me unpleasant sensations. I do not trust my body. I have a kind of fixation on bones. I clearly feel how they, hidden under the fibers of the muscles and layers of the skin, rest on the table at the elbows. Like cartilage rubbing in joints, bending limbs. And each time with an awkward blow or fall, it seems to me that my thin, almost papyrus skin can't stand it and some radius bone decides to breathe fresh air. (Why am I ?!) Enough with me! I'm going to work, damn it! In general, everything, as usual, in two hours I was already there. (Or three)

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Today, in the underground, I saw a new face - a very interesting man of Hindu appearance, his head was covered with a yellow-orange turban, his neck girdled with many beads, and he himself was dressed in a light purple suit.

I decided to personally bring him his order, taking a plate with our signature dish, I went to the table.

Encore des...

Coming to the table of the eccentric gentleman along with his order, I wanted to start a conversation, but he got ahead of me.

— Namaste! The magnificent gifts of the Gods are ready, it's wonderful. Please put them right on my table. - He smiled good-naturedly and was looking straight into my eyes.

I tried to determine his age, but could not. He could be twenty years old, or maybe all sixty, you can't figure it out.

— So it's time to start eating this wonderful dish. I hope, your chef has invested into it all the love that he carries in his heart.

It was said with such genuine amazement that I was at a loss; moreover, the client's wandering and absent gaze was combined with the deep, anxious thoughtfulness that shone through every line of his face, convincing me that he had not lost his mind at all. (He is suspicious. Maybe he is a spy, an undercover agent who was sent to our institution by special services? I need to know him better).

— Bon appetit, sir. But let me ask you sir, you said the gifts of the God?

— Oh yes, of course, I'm happy to give you a couple of minutes of my time. You see, young man, everything is a gift from God. God gives life, God gives death, God is silent, God speaks. And we humbly accept everything that he would send us. God suffers when a person does not accept his darkness. By the way, could you bring me boiling water by throwing two, three spoons of ordinary soda there.

The peculiarity of this gentleman was also in the fact that he occasionally made strange noises, similar to coughing or laughter that had begun and was torn off.

— But what about freedom of choice, sir? - I asked. I can't restrain my curiosity.

— Ha, of course, I heard that many believe that there is some freedom of choice. But I will tell you that any choice is a foregone conclusion; we are only given to choose which way to take it all. Freedom of choice seems real until fully realized from choice. It is called freedom, isn't it?...

Freedom of choice? There is no freedom !! A couple of political parties. Large media companies, also a couple of pieces, five, six maximum. Large banks, brokerage cantors, newspapers. The same people own all this; they own radio stations and television studios. But the menu has hundreds of tastes, and other unimportant things. Freedom of choice begins and ends between non-alcoholic soda and alcohol, that's all the freedom of choice, everything else has already been decided for you. The easiest way to manipulate people who believe in free will. Freedom is the manipulation of the inner world. People think that they have metaphysical free will in the supermarket, restaurant, or at the polls, while in reality all this is an ever more explicit expression of the ability of a corporation or state to manipulate people. Freedom is an illusion. If you inspire the same illusion to several people so that they share it completely, for them it will become a reality, not subjective, but objective. Common to all. It will be a reality where they find themselves together. They will enter into communication and begin to discuss their collective hallucination, strengthening it with every thought connected with it and a word spoken about it. The stronger they are convinced of its authenticity, the more solid and unshakable their new world will become.

— This is an interesting point of view. Sir, if I am not mistaken, before that you said that these are the gifts of the Gods. Why then now you say that God is one?

— Is there any difference?

— "But isn't it, sir?"

— In my opinion, no.

— "But, in my opinion, there is still a difference, sir."

— "No, there is no difference, young man."

— Here is how it is?

— Absolutely. And you are a very unusual person, mister. - He smiled at me, cut off a piece of the dish and put it in his mouth. This gentleman is too mysterious, I hope that he is not homosexual.

— Well, okay. But sir, you are sitting here and eating our dish, isn't that your choice?

— Of course, this is absolutely my choice. I wandered for a long time before getting here. I watched, recognized, tasted, I was free to search for myself wherever I wanted.

I went all over the world and found myself that way, because I was the one I was looking for.

— You searched for yourself, but you didn't find it, because you were what you were looking for?

— Exactly. The eye does not see its pupil. But this is just a metaphor. After all, how can I talk about this if it is not known to me as an object of knowledge, for I am myself is it.

— Well, okay. So still, why are you here?

— Why am I sitting here and eating this wonderful Forbidden Fruit? I remember, nostalgic, how I first tried human flesh in my homeland ...

— What?! Human flesh? Have you eaten people, sir?

— Do not be afraid, only those who were already dead. I sat in a cemetery by the funeral pyre and waited for the skull to burst from the heat. Suddenly, it bursts with the wonderful sound “Bang!” And then quickly, so as not to burn my fingers, I take out all parts of the brain, the sticky mass, partially fried by this time, and eat it. From this, I begin to feel very sick, but at that moment it was necessary to forget about that nausea and everything else. This is sadhana, not lunch at an expensive restaurant. Yes, and the meat itself does not taste very well, and all that because those corpses did not have a Soul even during their lifetime.

— But, now you are in the restaurant, sir.

— Oh yes, the conditions are different, but the essence is the same. This is all fake. This is not our world.

— Well, okay. Fine. But still, sir, why did you eat human?

— This is all part of my staying in what is given to me. Everything comes from Shiva. EVIL. GOOD. Therefore, in order to get to know him better, we must accept all of his sides. Covered in the ashes of the dead and taking part in this sacred ritual, we approach Shiva. Well this is just mythology.

— Mythology? Did we discuss it? - I lost my train of thought.

— To maintain its functioning, society needs an active myth that would indicate to its individual members the path to religious life. Western society has lost its myth, mister. Since a man has lost faith in the old myth, he is in dire need of finding a new...

— Sir, please forgive me, well, I’m just so interested, are you a religious person?

— Oh no. I am not a religious person at all. Religion and all the so-called holy scriptures are simply held together by the thoughts of people of the past. Thoughts were given to man to serve him, but instead, man became obsessed with them. Dogma, in all languages of the World, sounds equally heavy. Religion is the path of spiritual degradation. All religions are just surrogates of spirituality, this deception only slows down the process of restoration of a person’s spiritual amnesia. Indeed, true religion has always been and will be: a kind and loving heart. And religious people cannot have a sound mind, heart or soul. The religiosity about which we are talking, of course, has nothing to do with belonging to a particular religion.

— Well, pleasant. Ok, it was nice to talk, sir, I have to go, other visitors are waiting, I need to work ...

...Parole-Parole-

Parole...

Leaving this mysterious Indian, I froze and realized that I was very hungry.

My stomach is grumbling. And my memory suddenly realized; that I forgot to clarify, or rather to tell what the Forbidden Fruit is. The main dish of our institution!

How hungry I am, damn it!

It’s time for me to have a bite to increase working capacity.

Having forgotten and leaving all my thoughts about our elite dish, I ordered fried steak with garnish from Alfred.

I ordered from Alfred, because Monsar refuses to cook for me, for the reason that all staff are entitled to lunch for free. This is what infuriates Monsar the most..

Choosing a side dish for a steak is a personal matter for everyone, I prefer a green salad - the food is delicious, my mouth and stomach are happy, but my soul is not saturated.

I turned around and looked at people underground.

Alfred personally brought me my order, and in a moment I buried my nose in the plate.

As usual, out of habit, there was no appetite.

I eat not because I want it, but because I am controlled by the self-preservation instinct.

I myself caused hunger. Now I am hungry, I became hungry in an instant. With appetite, I consumed meat, cheese, and some greens and something else.

H-m The steak is a little tough. This is unacceptable. More precisely, not right.

Of course, I understand that making an impeccable steak can be a difficult task even for a skilled cook: pieces of meat can be cooked too quickly, becoming dry and stiff and not cooked inside. But in our institution this is unacceptable!

After a couple of minutes, after the food had calmed down in my stomach, I ordered coffee that was completely unnecessary to me. That is why I ordered it, as well as a Scottish cake with whipped cream.

Of course, there is a mistake in this steak. The steak is a little tough. This is unacceptable.

I called Alfred, and informed him of the unacceptable rigidity of the steak.

Having filled my belly, I don't feel like getting up, but I need to work.

I regretfully got up, very quietly and restrainedly burped.

But as soon as I got up, Monsieur Monsard ran up to me.

— A skimmer, are you not happy with a steak?!

— Be quiet. Calmly. I just told Alfred that the steak was a little tough. The next time just take the steak out of the refrigerator at least twenty minutes before the start of frying so that it has time to warm to room temperature. Lubricate the steak on both sides with vegetable oil, personally I always use olive, but you can take any odorless vegetable oil instead...

— Ha! You, Princess, will give me advice on how to fry steaks ?! And I grilled steaks when you peed under yourself! Pf, do you think you're better?!

— You calm down. I can cook. I have been cooking steaks for many years, Monsieur, from a wide variety of meat and I dare to hope that I am doing it well. I just advise on how to do it best.

— What? You can cook? Well, finally happened! In this damned institution appeared a man who knows how to cook! Don't piss me off, skimmer! He gives me advice! I am a chef with fifteen years of experience! Do I need to stab your head with a frying pan?!

...Parole-Parole-

Parole...

In the morning I was leaving the institution been very sad - I do not know why.

Somehow I didn't want to leave. A strange feeling, something is squeezing in my chest and a little pressure in my throat, probably it will rain today? I don't care. I'm heading home.

...Parole-Parole-

Parole...

I returned to my half-empty apartment.

At five in the morning I was already at home, for some reason I did not want to sleep.

Maybe my watch pole has shifted due to work?

Meanwhile, while I was getting ready to go to bed, I went to the bathroom to brush my teeth, but suddenly I started laughing and inadvertently spat on the mirror with toothpaste.

Ha-ha! What happened to me? Looking in the mirror, I see nothing, it's empty.

In front of the mirror, I am amazed to see myself as someone «him."

Here is "Me" - black, drawn in a straight lines eyebrows; and between them - like a scar - a vertical wrinkle - I don't know if it was before? Empty brown eyes encircled by the shadow of a sleepless night for several empty, insensitive minutes.

Now the chill of this mysterious anesthesia will pass, and my reflection will come to life again, it will take its usual place and again become so familiar. Probably.

The closer I looked at my face, the more I did not recognize myself! Alien, unblinking eyes, shine of hairs on the cheekbone, shadow along the nose - is it I? Yeah! Not a pretty face, damn it.

It's not the first year that I'm thinking about making rhinoplasty of the nose.

Alright, to hell, enough of staring at myself (Go and do something!)

Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look! This look. Whose is it?

I look at the ceiling, but there I see only the stretched whiteness of the polished putty. It feels like my whole apartment is crammed with hidden cameras.

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Today at work, customers were more than enough, damn it!

What a busy day it is. It's so unpleasant.

I went into the kitchen and took a deep breath. (Occasionally I yawn so much that tears roll down my cheeks, and now I yawned, all these efforts among these walls, my consciousness is sober, motionless, empty, it reproduces itself)

In the kitchen, the cooks were cooking our main delicacy, and I was quite tired of something, although I didn't do anything special.

Parole...

How tired I am, damn it. My knees and lower back begin to hurt from the fact that I have been standing for a long time. Although I don't really do hard physical work at my place, I'm still morally tired.

Recently, I noticed that I began to laugh often for no reason.

And all the fault is that I constantly wonder that right now, right at that moment, special services will burst here and cover our underground. They will cover us, because the whole city has long found out what we are doing here!

My atomic imagination drew a lot of scenes and they all end in the same way: WE WILL BE IMPRISONED ALL!

Of course, people repelled by life will not give up. I mean Candid and Monsar.

Candid won't give up so easily, he will probably be shooting back to the last, but he'll be shot anyway. Monsar, for sure, will juggle and throw knives, that he so skillfully owns, but he will be shot too ...

I imagine that the special squad is already preparing for the assault. They will enter through the windows, they will knock out the door, they will go down by helicopter to the roof and they will completely surround us! No exit. We will all be jailed, and then we will all be shown on the news in the evening crime chronicles. This will be a sensation for journalists.

Maybe they'll even make a documentary.

In general, if it goes to it, I immediately surrender myself. But this does not mean that I am a sneaky coward!

Not at all, I'm not going to speak about anyone! I will stand with dignity, I am ready to endure torture, interrogations, but I still will not betray anyone. Probably.

I will never betray anyone! They don't know yet which dough I'm made of!

I will worthily accept my fate. Maybe in prison I will write an autobiographical novel about how I used to work as a manager in this institution for the chosen elite. Naturally, the description will not be professional, but like a script in prose.

Haha! Well, what kind of nonsense is it?! Here are the idiotic thoughts, damn it!

Why should I write a novel in prison? Because of boredom? No, no, all the writers are crazy, I don't want to be one of them, I have enough of my own life, with which I can barely cope. I'm not going to toss about this nonsense! But how did it even occur to me ?! Writing a novel is not for me. Much better, sitting in prison, to make friendship with no one, and to keep in my head a bunch of incompatible thoughts, ideas and never to tell anyone about them. Literature has only one excuse; it saves the one who is dealing with it because of his disgust to life. (Now there are more writing people than reading)

Again! Imagination haunts me; what if right now, right at that moment in our establishment there is a spy who masquerades as a client?

My thoughts remained thoughts. I was still working, when I suddenly realized that I was tired.

At the end of the day, nothing happened. It was obvious. Probably.

....Parole-Parole-

Parole...

Leaving underground the last, I turned the key and headed for the car. When I arrived at my apartment, it was already getting light.

I remembered the bag of books that I bought from the androgynous seller.

Strange, but I have not touched it since I brought it into the house.

Opening the bag of books, I saw that they all belong to Asian philosophy.

Out of boredom, I began to read them. I didn't want to sleep, and reading became my sleeping pill.

And again, I use my proven method to push the world into place.

I poured some whiskey into my glass and decided to immerse myself in reading.

But, having no time to decide what to read, I caught on to my own gut.

What the hell is this?!

I looked at the ceiling, but saw nothing. (Did I lock the lock?).

I have a strange feeling. Like someone is watching me.

What if my whole apartment is crammed with hidden cameras?

This is not the first time this thought has come to me.

I don't understand how is it that I managed to become so alone at the dawn of my life, and not at its sunset?

Once I started from the bottom, and before I became the manager of the institution for the elite, I worked as an ordinary waiter.

And then it all started. All this madness that has become routine and work for me.

It all started when I opened the door.

It was then, when I was chosen to serve, that space and time began to leave my feet, as if I had ceased to navigate, where I am at all.

What am I doing? I go back and forth, back and forth, back and forth like a pendulum.

I can no longer lie, nor sit, nor stand motionless.

Suddenly, a message from Veronica came to my cell phone: "Open the Door"

I feel the neurotransmitters in my head swept away, my heart hurts, my eyes throb; it throws me into the past ...

**OPEN THE DOOR**

Cold.

Damn, how cold it is.

Apparently they have not turned on the heating yet.

And here I am again hanging around, sitting and wiping my pants, my ass.

I go here just because it's free - free psychological help. There are always fresh croissants, coffee and tea on a small table.

I sit with asocial cranks and losers like I am.

Sitting in the office, I am surrounded by heads and bodies. My pose deliberately copies the shape of the chair. I hope I look restrained, maybe even friendly.

I try to cross my legs as carefully as possible, one on top of the other, I keep my hands on my knees. I clasped my fingers in the lock, they look like a series of letters X. (To the right of my chin is a wen, it itches, and I wonder if it is worth touching it now?)

I go to this damned group once a week, on Sundays.

All present are silent. I sit on a chair and look at the floor.

In fact, everyone is just waiting in line to speak.

For the opportunity to pour out your soul you have to pay by listening to other people's revelations.

Every present here is a moral exhibitionist who is waiting impatiently for the opportunity to take off his clothes and appear before others in his repulsive spiritual nakedness.

A girl named Veronica pokes her finger on the damn screen of a mobile phone. A headphone sticks out in one of her ears, left one, which, apparently, is conveying the joy of her unfulfilled hopes, while her right ear hears labels of irritation. (When I looked at her chapped hands, it hurt; if she had looked after them even a little, her hands would be very beautiful).

Where we are, it is customary to turn off the phones so as not to interfere with your friends. At least, it's customary to say, it's customary to believe, it's customary to believe in it when you come here.

Brainfixer entered the room. He greeted everyone, and immediately set about normalizing our brains.

— So, I see everyone is in place, wonderful. Why don't we start with you, Georg, won't you tell the group how did your day went on? – Brainfixer had a strange manner of speaking, standing sideways to the interlocutor, he jerked his head, as if this movement helped him to extract his own voice outside.

— Oh yes, thank you Mr. Pinigan, I will tell you. In general, my day went well, today I even ate a very tasty fried chicken. In general, the group knows me well. My life reminds me of a one-man actor theater. An actor who is in some kind not even an actor. An actor who has forgotten his ridiculously memorized words, who realizes that the whole performance rests only on his trembling shoulders and knees giving way. Perhaps this is the most important moment in his life. Only one person watches from the audience and with him thousands of people who are also disgusting and bad in their insignificant roles. But they like to watch from the darkness of the hall how someone is doing worse than they are. The audience giggles vilely when the actor is voicing his thoughts in a trembling voice, increasingly



including improvisation in his shameful monologue, writhing and turning his insides inside out, breaking almost all the ribs. And I can feel it. I feel that the end of the performance will come only when all the scenery will fall into place, and I will be the best actor of my kind in one theatrical production ...

At the same moment, he sat down on a chair, but with his crooked hip joint he missed and fell to the floor. How enchanting is this enchanting freak. His tongue runs faster than the brain.

— Bravo! Great! It's great!

There was a rumble of applause, clapping.

Suddenly a terrible annoyance seized me.

— All right, Georg, I think it's enough. Good! Enough, stop applauding. Have a conscience - said brainfixer, helping him get up. Intense attention and sincere perplexity were expressed in the gaze of the brainfixer.

An awkward silence reigned in the room for a moment.

I have long since learned to ignore a situation like this. I have my own method of getting rid of sadness or boredom; this succeeds, but not always. The method is to carefully examine things and people around, that is, in other words, to concentrate on them.

And what the hell am I hanging around here for?

In the depths of my tired heart there is only one answer; I go to this group just to see Veronica. Probably.

— Mr. Emmanuel, do you want to say something? - Asked the brainfixer.

Damn it, why me? I muttered, knowing very well why I need to get out of this hole of awkwardness.

— No no, It's nothing, just thoughts out loud, keep on not being distracted.

Really? I so talked to myself that some thoughts sounded out loud.

This happens to me sometimes. But although they sounded aloud, they were so quiet that only mumbling was heard - this is my main problem, and in fact it is not a problem, but my personal flaw. Probably.

It's nice to talk to a smart person. Especially if this smart person is you. But in fact, let's be honest: more than with ourselves, we are not talking to anyone. Probably.

— Problems in people arise mainly from imagination. For example, if you had no imagination, you would not have problems, because you would accept life as it is. Naturally, the human soul is cramped in the fetters of the public. Georg, understand, that you have a disease, which, unfortunately, is in vogue now. It can also be called individualism or imaginary loneliness. To someone in whom this disease is already sitting, a few disappointments are enough to fall into causeless despair. And now for all of you. I affirm that a self-enclosed person is not able to give others anything, but only pain, apathy and paronism...

Today's topic of our session is dedicated to the Italian psychiatrist "Roberto Assagioli" and his method of therapy "psychosyneze." Let's go on a unique journey together.

Brainfixer, is still ranting and ranting, more and more confidently.

What, does he think that he is the most intelligent and normal? These are two incompatible concepts!

Suddenly, the brainfixer lost the thread of thoughts, he became silent and rubbed his forehead in vexation.

At the moment, I'm just stupidly looking at a square gray speck, which apparently remains from the picture that was once hanging here - and why did they take it off?

None of those present in the group knew what would happen to him next. Like me.

We all sit in a semicircle in comfortable armchairs and don't know why and how to live tomorrow. But the most important thing; we don't know why. In fact, no one knows how to get all these "human things" - happiness, joy, satisfaction, confidence in the future and just love.

Tomorrow in this damn office, people with addictions will gather. Probably.

The day after tomorrow - men and women with various phobias. Probably.

Two days later, people with suicide syndrome. Then people with low self-esteem.

And today WE, the people with THAT syndrome. Yes, yes THAT ONE...

Ah, well, and a group of people who claim that aliens visit their houses and, without their knowledge experiment on them, thereby controlling their mind through an anal umbrella. Their group, by the way, gathers in a neighboring office, almost at the same time as ours (Who knows, maybe these senility are right, maybe we are all simply controlled through anal electrical signals and other vibrations?).

In fact, most patients in these groups are so banal bitche's children that any brainficker can help them. These suckers are the main income of all mediocre psychotherapists (But basically all income, as usual, from single elderly women).

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I live alone in a rented studio apartment.

I am a stubborn idler! I exist on the principle of non-interference.

At first, my father sent me money every month.

But he soon stopped doing it. Naturally, I worked, or rather worked part time.

I do not think about my future.

What is the meaning of caring for the future if this future is disgusting and deplorable, displeasing, sickening, not interesting, sad, sometimes insane, sometimes inadequate.

Not that I didn't want to work. Just what for? This is so disgusting.

I worked as a waiter in various institutions (Not the most pleasant experience).

About every six months I quit (Sometimes every two, or even one month). I did nothing for a couple of weeks, and then again I used to find myself the same job, only in another institution and so on in a circle.

You know, when you are only twenty two, you have no idea how low you can fall, but at twenty nine you already feel it on yourself.

Working, trying, every day, we do not gain anything, and the biological clock is ticking - we all try, but in the wrong direction.

I just earn some money so that I have enough for a living wage.

I work seven days a week, I take all shifts, not because I am hardworking, God, no, but because I don't want to think about my life, want to drown out, to dull my thoughts about existence and about something else.

I haven't actually done anything in my life yet. But already so fucked up!

A person sells not only goods, he sells himself and feels himself a commodity.

Worker sells his physical energy; an entrepreneur, a doctor, a hired employee sell their "identity". But first they must have this "personality" if they want to sell their goods or services; this person must be attractive, and in addition, its owner must meet a number of other requirements: for example, he must be energetic, proactive and so on.

And as with any other product, the market decides how much these or other human qualities cost, and even determines their very existence.

If the qualities that a person can offer are not in demand, then he has no qualities at all; in the same way, a product that cannot be sold does not cost anything, although it has a use value (labor made a man out of a monkey, and a horse out of a man). I indulge in it with a passion that goes as far as folly and provokes laughter in me myself when I think about IT ...

Suddenly a message comes to my cell phone: "OPEN THE DOOR".

The message was from Veronica. I tore my ass from the sofa, it seems that I sat here for a long time and stared at the wall. Sometimes I fall into a stupor, however, it doesn't matter.

I lugged to the door with my thoughts: "Why the hell did she come?"

She very rarely comes to me, especially on a weekday evening.

Veronica knows very well that I don't like when someone calls me. (Therefore, she sends me these damned messages)

I opened the door.

Veronica, silently, stood with an octagonal cardboard in her hands (I smell the pizza)

Of course, I let her in, and she immediately went without a word into the living room.

I'm so hungry, she guessed right!

Food is always tastier when you haven't done anything for it.

Veronica's beauty was not like all the girls. I mean her appearance, which was ideally suited to my taste. She is so beautiful that at one glance at her you want to die from longing. Or maybe it just seems to me like that? Her face is not only lifeless, it is inconspicuous, it completely leaves no trace in the memory. This is what I need - the lack of memories. Probably.

Veronica is still that creature! But I see her through and through, I know all her invented oddities.

She ignores the one she adores, she adores the one who ignores her.

This is something like unconscious masochism, a closed chain, you seem to want to be happy and have fun, but at the same time you experience pleasure only from negative emotions: pain, disappointment, feelings of rejection.

Veronika often whines for me that she wants to open her veins, but I do not take her seriously, this is her next sacrifice game - a very convenient position.

Her thin face with transparent skin flickers in my eyes, and somewhere else...

Meanwhile, we silently ate pizza (More precisely, I ate almost everything myself, almost)

Veronica did not say, did not utter a single word. Just silently ate.

I looked at her, and saw only a champing emptiness.

She looked at me. (She looks like a hamster that deliberately hides food behind its cheeks)

For a few seconds we looked at each other pretending to be myopic.

I decided to start any dialogue, but as soon as I opened my mouth, Veronica rushed off the chair and kissed me. A piece of cucumber got into my mouth. She probably wanted to shut me up with this (Or is it not a cucumber, but ... - what is it ?!)

But suddenly, we, as if distraught, as if sick of an unbearable itch, began to tear off each other's clothes. At that moment, a demon of lust and fornication infused into us both.

Next was sex. (Emmanuel also needs to be loved).

I suppose I have never experienced such wonderful feelings. Such beautiful and mutual bright feelings. At that moment, it suddenly seemed to me that I was created just to feel all this. Feel all these feelings with your body. It was the only way to satisfy the unbearable pain and hunger of my body and soul.

Only Veronica so unsuccessfully pretends to have an orgasm, as I pretend to have humanism.

After the end of simulated love, I reached for a cigarette.

Veronica and I were not in love with each other, we simply indulged in love with detached and critical sophistication and then fell into terrible silence, and the foam from the beer hardened in glasses and became warm while we ignored each other, pretending that nothing was done, that nothing happened.

In the end, Veronica got up and started wandering around the room. More than once I saw her admiringly looking at her body in a mirror, raising her breasts with her palms.

— You know, I'm fond of palmistry right now. This is my new hobby. - She said.

— Is this something like knitting? - I asked. (Well, of course, I know what this chiromancy is, I just want to annoy her or intentionally make myself look interested).

— No, idiot! Well, you're weird.

— Is it me strange?! It's you who is strange!

— Alright, alright, I forgive you, give me your hand. - She said and in a moment grabbed my hand and began to carefully and gloomily examine my left palm.

— So, this is the line of life. No. Not that. Is this a line of fate? Or life?

— And since when are you keen on this topic? - I asked, just out of politeness.

— Well, quite a while. I already told you that. “She already told me that ?!”

— Once upon a time, my mother took me to a fortuneteller. My mother and my stepfather drove something into their heads that I am strange, reserved, taciturn, and something else. In general, as a teenager, my parents took me to a fortuneteller. She scaredly looked at me and grabbed my hands and began to look at my palms. In short, the fortuneteller carried some nonsense and said nothing concrete. She only said that I have a celibacy line and something else.

— Yeah, okay. Enough! Stop it. Let go of my hand.  
— Wait a minute! I have already read everything.  
— Have you read it? In what sense the hell?  
— You have such a simple and primitive hand. It is easy to recognize by a square palm and short, thick, shapeless fingers. Your skin is harsh and rough to the touch. You know, Emmanuel, people with primitive hands can be very stubborn and have little interest. It is difficult for them to express their thoughts and feelings in words, so from time to time, falling into despair, they become aggressive. You unknowingly attract to yourself everything that you tried to deny all your life and which you always avoided. Life dooms you to the repetition of everything that you have, did not have the courage to bring it to the end. In a word, everything that is not completed in your previous life will constantly appear before you. Now give me your right hand.

I held out my right hand to her.

I just can't understand if Veronika is kidding me now or not.

Veronica continued to fuck my brains using her dirty palms.

— Sometimes at the very end of the line of the heart, a thin parallel line can be seen. This suggests that a person will be able to build a long, strong love union, which will remain until old age. But I see you have a short life line.

But this is the line of love. It is very mysterious. Even too much. Listen, are you not bisexual?

— So stop doing nonsense! Wait, aren't they usually guessing by the right hand?

— Prediction is made on both hands, on the left tells what is given to you from birth, and on the right to tell how you manage it and change your life in one direction or another. By the way, do not show the palmist the right hand if you want to stay with your fate.

— Well, that's enough, let go. This is all complete nonsense! These are just folds on the skin! Do not attach importance to them. - Well, seriously, it's just folds on the hand and nothing more.

Meanwhile, Veronica began to dress.

But I do not want her to leave.

I want her to stay. Probably we can't be called a couple.

Rather, just lovers or, as they say: we have friendship sex.

Veronica was my only close person, although she herself probably never thought about it. I don't want her to leave. What can one person give to another, and what can be more than that? I need more warmth than I deserve!

— How about a cup of coffee?

— No thanks. Yes, and I do not like coffee. And in general I have things to do, I'm in a hurry. "Ah, that was a blatant lie!" Well, what could she do, where could she even rush?! This dirty trick just seeks opportunity to bite. No, really, just answer; yes, thank you, I will not give up your beautiful, expertly prepared coffee.

I tore off my ass and headed for the kitchen. Now she herself will ask for a cup of coffee as soon as she feels this divine aroma of coffee beans. Just soon she will ask me to make her coffee. I feel it.

— Okay. I have to go. (What that, does she want to get rid of me as soon as possible?)

— Where are you going so late? The rain is drizzling there. Stay the night and leave tomorrow.

— No, I will go. - I heard a certain oddity in her voice. As if she was afraid of something. (She locks her pain in her small body). I know that Veronica lives with her mother, I know that they do not get along with each other, I know that ...

— What? Are you saying something?

— No-o, that's just nothing. Do not pay attention.

— Well, okay, I really have to go.

— You speak in some kind of weird way. Has something happened? - I, a little bit lame on one leg, got to the sofa and lay down.

— No, nothing. - She shook her head forcibly.

— It seems to me that something has happened.

— Nothing happened! Why are you molesting to me?!

— Well, I thought you might have some problems.

— No, I have no problems! How did you frazzle out me!

— I just wanted to help.

— What kind of nonsense? And how can you help me ?! Why do you need to help me?

— I want to help everyone. You are not some happy exception. I understand that it's hard for you to believe that a person wants to selflessly help everyone who meets in his way. But it is so. You just don't yet realize that we are all really brothers and sisters. Children abandoned by their parents to their fate...

— Haha, this is not at all witty! Stop being bullshit, you are already thirty years old, damn it. And anyway, if you want to help, then just shut up. She said and smiled. The ironic smile, playing in the bend of her full lips, expressed everything for which a man should love her and what he should be afraid of in her. There was pride in this smile, and calm confidence in the outlines of her thin nose. Probably.

What?! I am thirty years old? Heck, I thought I was only twenty nine!

My memory worked, I realized that Veronica is right, I'm really thirty years old.

I want to die. - to die for the reason that I remembered that I had a birthday in a couple of months, and I would be thirty-one. (How can time fly like that ?!)

— Do you want to get away from me? Well, this decision is no worse than any other.

But where are you going? Where will it be "away from me"? Maybe you'd better sit in the corner, drink some coffee and keep quiet with me? Wouldn't that be better?

— Well, what nonsense are you talking about, do you even hear yourself ?! The first couple of times it was funny, but now it's rather annoying, so stop it. Besides, you know how stupid it is to hear this from a person like you? You are an irresponsible idler, a fool, my eight-year-old niece is much more responsible than you. You say one thing and do nothing, you are the most controversial guy in the world! Who but you must know that life is boring and meaningless thing. Our youth was boring, we did not know happiness and so did not learn how to make others happy. We understand that we will all die without finding the answer to the most important questions. We develop all these abstruse ideas that simply explain our life in different ways, but do not give us any valuable knowledge. In fact, we live a short life

full of disappointment, and then die. We fill it with all sorts of crap; career and marriage, to create the illusion for ourself that this makes any sense. We are all closed in our own vacuum and do not want to leak out of it. She said.

All her behavior was a series of inconsistencies. I did not particularly listen to her words, as I simply ignored her with more important thoughts.

Where are my cigarettes ?! Damn it, they were definitely lying here, who, bitch, was shifting them, for sure it was all her fault. Ah, here they are, small poisonous creatures. (How is it that the things that were in the most visible place suddenly suddenly disappear and appear in another place ?!)

I smiled and took out a cigarette with one hand from a half-empty pack lying on the table by the bed. Veronica kept saying something about irresponsibility and knitting, but I didn't listen, because I was looking for cigarettes.

— What are you muttering under your breath? She asked.

— Oh, nothing, don't pay attention.

Veronica's cheerful and all-knowing eyes started a dance with special pleasure.

— These hints of yours are sheer bullshit! Perhaps I will go to "psychosupport" and surrender to abstinence and will be treated and live. This is better than dealing with a mysterious schizo like you, whom I still can't understand.

Veronica began to dress in a hurry.

But I wanted to delay her, at least for a little more.

I grabbed her and turned her towards me.

Veronica did not move and did not even blink. She stared into my eyes and slowly laid her hands on my shoulders.

How cold her hands are! Probably due to smoking her blood circulation is disturbed (The paradox is that her cold hands somehow always kept me warm). These two eyes looked deep into me for a while, destroying the remnants of my comfort zone (Her eyes were too dark to understand).

— Ah, Emmanuel, you until now have not gotten rid of this strange habit of talking to yourself. Do not be still a thirty-year-old teenager, Emmanuel.

As soon as she finished, she suddenly sat down on the bed and pressed slightly against my cheek, kissing me tenderly. It was so hot that my breath caught in my head and thoughts came on about feelings that I still have to answer myself.

It's better to be a thirty-year-old teenager than a thirty-year-old old-man!

Veronica has already dressed and before irritatingly and loudly slamming the door, she told me last:

— Well, bye! See you on Sunday! And you do not sit here and suffocate, but go and live!

I suddenly felt in her words a deadly apathy.

Here I am left alone, and only silence and my inner voice whisper.

Recently, these fleeting "see you" worries me, bringing to life more and more loneliness.

And what the hell does that mean, "go and live?" I do not understand her expressions and jokes.

I plan to lie in bed (on the couch) all damn day and, the hell, not to do anything, just sleep. To sleep because it's scary. Scary, but why?

So the night shroud enveloped the sky, and evening stars appeared ...

Cold! I have to go to bed, then I can warm myself. Probably.

"Morning is the beginning of a new day. Beginning of another terrible day. "

"I don't want it to be like that"

"Blue sky. Warm air"

"Something warm. Something unfamiliar. It is terrifying. "

"I don't want it to be like that"

In the morning I woke up with a smack of loneliness in my mouth and cold feet.

I want to sleep further! I see no reason to get out of bed. WHAT FOR?

I want to sleep, I'm lazy to get up. I want to oversleep my whole life - it sounds good.

Nothingness is fair. Nothingness is the brightest glimpse in human life.

What happens when a person wakes up at night and fearfully thinks that it's time to go to work, and then he looks at his watch and sees that it is still far from the morning? He is experiencing happiness. You can sleep for another three hours! Why is he so relieved to fall back on the pillows? Yes, simply because he has the opportunity to disappear for a few more hours.

Stop being a sequence of this painful "Me".

But even a dream without dreams is not freedom - it's just a spring winding before a new working day in the factory of suffering.

Maybe I'm just defective? "Yes, what the hell is wrong with me?"!

What amazes me the most is that I decisively do not want to do anything, and at the same moment passionately want to do at least something.

Raising my ass, the first thing I lit a cigarette and decided to make coffee for myself.

Meanwhile, while the coffee was brewing, I smoked a cigarette and watched it smolder along with my life.

Today is Friday? Is it exactly Friday? Or not? I look like a man who slept half his life and is now trying to find out who he was while he was sleeping.

Well, actually, all day I worked on bullshit, absolutely pointless nonsense.

So pointless that I don't even remember exactly what I was doing.

I am surprised to find that something is wrong. I still have not learned how to live?

The sun fries the sheet metal of my windowsill.

The heat in my closet is unbearable. The ceiling of this cabinet is low and heavy, passing around the room I involuntarily bend my head, as if heaviness hangs from above and presses on my shoulders.

At the moment, I'm sitting squeezed in between the sofa, and I have an opened book on my lap. I haven't read it for a long time. My gaze is riveted to a white battery, on which six socks get wet, or rather getting dry.

The smoke of a forgotten cigarette rises directly or almost straight, spreads in a shaky shroud under the ceiling, marked out by tiny cracks.

Everything seems fake, I am surrounded by a cardboard box that can be moved. Probably.



I sat on the sofa; it is too short to stretch out at full length at night, too narrow to freely turn; I look now with an almost bewitched look at the white battery, which stores all the same six, and no less, pairs of soaked socks.

Coffee boiled over, fuck! and poured on my stove. Oh, next time I'll make tea.

So a few more uncertain days passed. Probably.

I am a bummer, a loafer, involuntarily. Also, inevitably, I am burning with a thirst to act, but I do nothing, because I am deprived of the opportunity to act, because I am imprisoned, because I don't have what I can't work fruitfully with, because I was brought to all this by a fateful set of circumstances. Probably?

Ahhh. I'm tired of sighing. I can only accurately calculate my miserable property, clearly summarize my first quarter of a century. I am twenty nine, I have twenty seven teeth. The longer I live, the more I understand that I'm not a damn thing integrated into society. And that I was always a stranger here. From poor integration in society, the following follows - the complete impossibility of achieving anything. Because only communication helps. Your talents and skills have nothing to do with it. (Especially when you didn't have any skills or talents). Therefore, it does not matter how I try and hone one or another skill. Anyway, the result is the same - a loss.

I feel like a chosen hero, but only in the other direction.

Oh no! Yes of course. I'm thirty now. Hell. This is so unpleasant.

Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look. This look. Whose is it?

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Today is already Sunday, and I am again in this filthy center. (I don't remember what I was doing all last week, but I remember that I was bored, lonely, I was hungry, cried, and I also drank).

The office is gradually filled with people who cope poorly with problems.

Interesting, will there be juice today? It would not hurt me to have a bit of vitamins.

Finally, Veronica enters the room.

I stop stuffing my belly with free croissants and sit in my place next to her. Everyone in the office is whispering about something, but I don't care in advance.

Veronica sat silently and stared at her phone. And again, she plugs one headphone into her ear and turns on her favourite "K-pop".

In the office everyone is whispering about something. I just silently sit myself. I'm ok.

I greeted Veronica.

She said nothing in response. How is it in her style! Here is a joker.

Veronika is a manipulator, her silence somehow affects the atmosphere in the office, dust and spools of clothes swirl near the air conditioner and dance in an oblique ray of light. I watched Veronica dig around for a long time in her bag, from which she takes out a whole handful of packages. She read intently, squinting her eyes. Melipramine. Anafranil. Pyrazidolum. All

these are antidepressants. These drugs are fed with classic depression. But I see right through her: Veronica does not even take all these pills, but carries them just in case, so that everyone sees how bad she is. Now she perceives that she had to be surrounded by stupid, gray people, as a kind of sad misunderstanding that must be endured.

Suddenly: Veronica interrupted my in-depth analysis, starting to tell me about a friend of ours. More precisely about her friend, who went to our group. I pretended to have seen him, but I really don't remember. I already know almost everyone here, but with the names I always had a little tight.

— Do you remember Antoine who went to our group? - Veronika said in a low voice.

— Antoine? Yes, yes, I remember. (Actually I don't remember)

— He hanged himself yesterday, - Veronica said this in such a soulless and colorless voice, in such a voice as if speaking of a robot that was programmed only to communicate, but not sympathize.

— This is terrible. I wonder why has he suddenly do it? - I asked. But actually I lied, I'm not at all interested, I don't give a damn, probably more than she is.

— I have no idea. They say that recently he behaved strangely. He wrote poetry.

— Poems? - I knew it. He is a hidden homosexual! Now everything fell into place.

— Yeah. He wrote poetry, so much so that reason became confused. It is strange that he did this, because he was married, had two children. Yes, and Antoine was diagnosed with Dysphoria. Probably.

I so want to smoke, I am literally overcome by tobacco thirst.

So here; I'll tell you honestly, I'm not particularly surprised. I don't care about Antoine!

When a prisoner writes poetry on the wall of his cell, then this is normal, there is nothing here like that, and when the same prisoner hangs himself in his cell, there is nothing like that either. (Suicide, this is the best that a person is capable of).

— Emmanuel, maybe you will start? - Asked insidious brainfixer.

— What? In the sense of? Who! Am I right, me? Well, you know, I'm actually a little busy here.

— Why, come on, come on, don't be shy, start ... - said the brainfixer.

— No no, doc. My head hurts, let me be the last. - I answered.

— Are you sure, Emmanuel? You are my strangest patient. In life, you are a hell, a slacker, a latent homosexual, a carp and someone else. You have a special case, I myself just can't determine it, do you have something like "NIGREDO"?

My dumb signals are contemptuously ignored, and now I can't stand it.

I'm hurt that he speaks of me as if you could already put an end on me.

— I'm not weird! I am the most ordinary person. Today I just have a headache.

— Listen. Your mustache?! Don't you want to shave them? - whispered Veronica.

— No, I do not want to. What for? - (Well, why the hell did I ask again, I'll regret it later)

— They annoy me, they look like saggy pasta. Or a fish mustache, like a carp. - Here is a bitch! Yeah. I know that I should not be mad at everything that she says. I know, but still angry.

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In the evening, Veronika and I returned to my rented apartment.

— "You know, this psychosupport is starting to bother me. How incredibly dull it is. It pisses me off," she said, hurriedly taking off her boots.

— I never liked it. I go there simply because I was advised. Well, also for the sake of sweets.

— Go and shave off your mustache, they aren't becoming you. Stop pretending to be French, it's ridiculous.

— No ... o. Offer something better.

How insulting! She just had Korean cute guys on a platter.

— Well, you are so arrogant. Well, well, I really have a better idea. She brazenly landed on my sofa, and from somewhere in her hand appeared a bag of grass.

— Hey, where did you get this from? You know how I feel about this...

— Enough of being so boring, life is already so despondent, and you are also trying to deprive me of the little pleasure that I have!

— Since when did you begin to smoke hemp so often?

— Since those.

— It is simply unhealthy, and you should finally seriously think about ...

— No, no, no! Just shut up.

— What do you mean - shut up?

— Do not speak, that's all. Leave me in a blissfully ignorant state.

— And who else will talk about you with you? Heck, at least pretend you care! Okay, never mind, but this is the last time. I'll go and make coffee in upset feelings.

— You know what infuriates me the most?

— I do not know. And I don't want to know. And that's enough. I wonder what kind of fatigue comes first - the one from chatter or the one from listening?

— I didn't tell you how I attended the birth of my youngest cousin last month? Oh, that was awful! And why did I agree at all? But she begged me so. And her husband filmed everything on a video camera. Why, the hell, is this a thing to shoot?! It's good that I got smoked before I went to the hospital. In truth, it seemed to me all the time that they knew everything, all the doctors seemed to immediately understand that I was stoned, probably. God, God, she screamed so much, screamed so loudly from unbearable torment.

The doctor then made a cesarean section. Everything was in the blood! And some kind of liquid.

The doctor is in the blood! My cousin! Even some hell I was in the blood! Everything was in the blood!

I was almost sick. And here! The cry, the cry of the baby, he was covered in blood, as if they want to sacrifice this child to Satan.

— You a little bit went too far, you are just too impressionable.

— You just haven't seen it! And I saw! I was there! And what do you think happened next? Nothing! After a couple of days, she was discharged from

the hospital, and on the day of her discharge in the hospital all our relatives gathered with flowers and gifts. When my cousin left the hospital with a baby in her arms, everyone clapped and congratulated. As if all this was normal! All of them are unconscious fuckers who only follow some kind of scenario! Like in a stupid movie! - she continued. - Why did everyone around just pretend that nothing had supposedly happened at all?! It's just like everything is normal!

And after all, my mother finished me off, she told me that she couldn't wait until I give birth. And how she dreams of becoming a grandmother and nursing her grandchildren! Then my knees gave way. Tell me, would you sell your kidney for seventy-five thousand dollars? In Singapore, paid donation is allowed. I found a clinic, still I can not decide.

— Quiet! Be calm. Quiet. I do not want to listen to this insane nonsense. Veronica, do not fuck, I'm not in the mood anyway. I'll go and make some coffee. That's all I can.

I'm sure she was just joking. That's all, she's not serious. This is her next game, a kind of rebellion against a rotten society. Over the years, this will pass, and she will begin to play something else, for example, a caring and loving mother.

— Well, in vain I told you. Forget it. Let's change the topic. Here, I recently read a good book, some time I'll give it to you to read. In general, in order to comprehend unity, one must first comprehend duality. Got it? Hey, where are you going?!

— I do not want to listen to your insane heresy anymore!

— Emmanuel, what's your horoscope?

— No! Just not your next crank! Stop it! I'm going to make coffee.

— My mother only sleeps and sees me giving birth, she says: "It is your duty as women. Why are you so stupid?! Children are Happiness. " I'm tired of it! If an alien took a closer look at what we feed to children in the form of films, magazines and newspapers, comics, and sometimes books, he would imagine that our values are murder, violence, superstition, gullibility and consumerism. Therefore, I hate children. "You are already old, you have to get settled." I dodge as I can, sometimes yell at her, and we will argue, she thinks only of herself, and my opinion generally is not taken into account. Hey Emmanuel! I drink without milk.

— What?! What are you muttering there?! I don't hear anything. How much sugar should I put?!

— Two spoons. And without milk! Do you hear that?! Do not pour milk!

— Not to pour milk?! Why?

— Well, you know that I'm allergic to lactose!

— Good - good.

In fact, I don't have milk, I just asked out of politeness - why the hell did I hear for the first time that she was allergic to lactose?!

— You know, I started reading Schopenhauer the other day. Do you know him?

— Schopenhauer? Pianist?! - I shouted from the kitchen.

— No, damn it! What the hell kind of a pianist? German philosopher.

— Better answer: "How much sugar should I put?"

It's strange, why did it break through her so much today and she doesn't shut up? Usually, she simply plugs her ears with headphones and listens to her Korean pop music, looking out the window with a melancholy look. In general as a rule, everything is normal.

— Two spoons! - In her voice sounded quiet and full of indifference bitterness.

I accidentally threw her three spoons of sugar.

Guest's drinks are ready.

Veronica still continues to fuss something there.

Why did she molest ?! What does she allow herself? I'm in charge here, this is my home!

One day this bitch will finish the game and get me crazy, and I won't look at the fact that she's a girl and I'll beat her, I'll break her nose. The older I get, the more I understand that violence is a great way out, especially in situations where there is no common sense. Just now I'll be right back and put her in her place. Yes, I will! Probably?

I came back and put two cups with coffee on the table.

The whole room was shrouded in dope smoke. She was sitting on the couch with her head down, legs up, and in full smoking her crap.

— How infuriating. Each person hangs on a string, the abyss can open under us every minute. In the end, all the same, we will all disappear! Maybe this is must be so? Maybe this is right? That we all just disappear. With the eternal struggle in ourselves, the struggle with mothers, fathers, society and ourselves, and all of our world within us? And this world will disappear with us. How furious! And you piss me off! Don't piss me off!

— What a negative?! Stop whining! You're too active today. Listen to your Korean pop music and calm down! (Damn it, it would be better if she told me a joke!)

— And no one was whining! My sadness is the quintessence of romanticism. And you're just closed.

— You fucked me! Drugs won't help you live! It is not normal! And generally, stop hiding behind me. You only need to say bullshit and remind that you are somehow special, and other people around you are just fucked fools who do not understand themselves.

You like to whine, you like to be a victim. To show all people what they are wrong in, and to convince them of what is reasonable - it is not in your power. You have been given the power to convince only yourself. Are you convinced of what you want to convince others?

So isn't it better for you to leave other people alone and to teach only yourself? You yourself know yourself more than anyone and you can convince yourself better than others. - I spoke out.

I believe that Veronica would be much less annoyed if she hadn't developed the power of imagination in herself so hard, hadn't recalled past troubles, and lived a harmless present, listening to her Korean pop music.

— You know, the fact that you are trying to be clever, this is sheer crap, just a mask. You are an imitator!

You only throw cheap show-offs! You pretend that you are supposedly normal, but actually you are a depressing whiner, mumble! You only pretend that you are having fun or interested, but in fact, all these are lies! You pretend that you are supposedly educated, well-read, honest, smart, modest and direct person. But often, you use your qualities to manipulate people, humiliate them, and when you need to flatter them. Your principles make you hate the whole World! You hate those who believe because for you faith is a sign of stupidity, you hate those who do not believe just for lack of ideals. You hate talkers, and you suspect silent people in a

conspiracy. You hate the old for their conformism, and the young for freedom of thought. You hate marijuana but you just drink alcohol and smoke tobacco! And this is your trump word "Probably" - utter crap, I'm sure you pronounce it on purpose! Of course, this is sometimes the topic, but often everything is passing and does not go anywhere! Idiot! Hate you! Die! How do you enrage me!

— Have you spoken out? Feel better?

— Do you know what? Yes, it's easier. Yes, hell, feel better! - Veronika shouted and took a sip of coffee.

— What's this?!

— What are you talking about?

— Coffee.

— Coffee? And what happened to it?

— I asked you not to make such a sweet coffee a million times!

— Well, let's fight with you again because of sugar! If I offended or insulted you by putting sugar in your coffee, please forgive me. But, I'm not to blame for anything ...

— What?! No fucking! Your fault! You are like a woman!

— Is it me like a woman?!

— Yes, you are like a woman! I knew that you are a fag!

— Fag is your father!

The dispute grew into the usual clarification of relations (or it was not even a dispute, but arguing or something like that). Our oddities only annoy each other. I instinctively did not go into conflict, I am ready to answer: "Well, you're right". (But that would mean that I send Veronica to hell, and I terribly love to have sex with her). Especially in a doggie style, when she quietly moans and pretends to have an orgasm, laying her beautiful head on the yellow silk pillowcases on my sofa. I have no other rule of conducting than to follow at ease in all my whims. I know, I know that I should not be too frank about my own personal life, but the memory of how she is in bed is so vivid that neither her rudeness, dullness and squabble nature can eclipse it.

— Quiet! Be calm. I admit it is my fault. I'm sorry. But I'm not to blame for anything. You yourself provoked me. - I said.

I'm trying to fix everything, I mumble a gentle apology, but she is harsh and inexorable. She is beautiful and sweet only in bed. Because of this vicious circle, she will lose her beauty ahead of time. Veronica calls me the last fucker in the world and a bunch of insulting words. From everything I saw, and, unfortunately, what I heard, unexpectedly made me impatient.

— Do you know?! I'm going to go out, relieve myself and you meanwhile think about your behaviour. - I said.

In the bathroom, due to a flash of emotions, I was nervous and missed, and because of that, I urinated the rim a bit. Now I'll wash my hands and put it in its place. I will deal with her! She behaves in such a way, snarls so brazenly with me as if I were her whipping boy. When I returned, I sat down next to her on the sofa.

Veronica was sitting on the edge of the couch, her hands folded in her lap, and her naive smoky grey eyes were wide open and seemed to be frozen in amazement; after all, she was once again not in her Korean dreams, but in my nasty gloomy hut. Probably.

Veronica took a cup of coffee, made a sip, licked her lips and said:

— Tell me at least once: “You are beautiful. That is, if you did not know me, would you think that I am a pretty girl?»

— A lot of sugar does not happen. Life is so bitter!

— Answer the question! It means that you also think that I'm really ugly!

— And who else thinks so? Veronica you're not at all ugly! You can't talk about yourself like that.

You are not ugly. You are exclusive.

— Exclusive? Gosh, it's the same as confirming that I'm ugly!

After these words, Veronica laid her head on my shoulder and silently stared at me. It is in her style.

So, in silence, we sat for a while. You can only hear the clock beating time. But I don't have a clock. Probably, her impudent heart is impudently beating in her small breast. In addition, she did not decide to ruin everything:

— I poured something in the coffee.

— I knew you want to kill me.

— This is DMT.

— Are you serious? DMT, dimethyltryptamine?! Cursed psychedelic?!

Damn it, I told you a thousand times that I quit! I hate all this drug junk!

Maybe it's all because of her brand new diagnosis of Anhedonia that she invented herself?

— But who cares what you yourself muttered there. You are just closed! You need to discover more opportunities.

— Fuck your mother!! Maybe I like it that way! I do not want to live as you want!

— So do I.

— Stop snapping, and better say what needs to be done so that this drug does not work!

— Nothing will help, it will cover you soon!

— Thanks, Veronica, great, damn it! (What a scum!)

— You just don't want to develop! You do not want to expand consciousness! All you want is to sit in that stinky hole, gasp and whine what a shit this life is!

— You know, now, you say, just like an addict slut ...

Then she sharply hit me on the cheek with her palm. (For what? I just said the truth)

Naturally, I hit her in response (Lightly, also with a palm, so she knew who I was).

But this did not stop her, but only angered her even more (I blundered, it was obvious). She again hit me in the face, and then again and harder, the sound of popping passed quickly and fleetingly, there was only bitterness and heat on my cheek, more precisely on both cheeks (scum!) I hit her again. Reflexively.

— You have got problems! With the head! And with yourself! - I shouted and grabbed her by the shoulders, began to shake and tumbled to the floor.

She spat in my face, I spat in response (What is this cunt trying to achieve?!)

We looked at each other for a while, until she bit me on the lip and pulled me to her. My hands involuntarily stretched to her breasts, there they stumbled on the clasps of her blouse.

Everything began to split into atoms. Apparently DMT has already entered into business. Immortal substance, only perishable forms. The floor

disappeared from under my feet. Now we were in a completely different space. Tentacles crawled out from behind her, they tightly wrapped around me, preventing me from escaping. I looked at her face. It was no longer Veronica, it was a certain Amazon goddess. Her blue lips opened and an incredibly long tongue came out, he penetrated my mouth and clung to my tongue. A convulsive ripple passed through my body. The tentacles encircled my body more and more and dragged me closer to her. I tightly grabbed her by the waist, and my fingers hung eagerly into her thin skin, leaving a scarlet vibrating ripple of pulsating light on it. I entered her, and thousands of lights were lit in her transparent body, they blinded me and I closed my eyes, grabbing her even more.

Opening my eyes, I found that wings had appeared behind me.

I waved them, and we ascended into space, where we exploded, creating a thousand new stars. I am a cast of nature, a cast into the unknown, maybe nowhere ...

«Cold is the beginning of something familiar; i.e. humiliating»

I woke up in the morning in a cold sweat.

I had a damn strange dream.

In a dream, I ran along the dark streets of an unfamiliar city. A giant child was chasing me. He was very large and had diapers on him. He demolished large buildings, and I ran away in hysterics. Like he was looking exactly for me.

What an idiotic dream?! It is surprising that I remember it at all.

The ground beneath my feet shook from the steps of this giant child. When I looked around again and realized that around the corner his disgusting face was about to appear, a cobblestone rolled up under my feet. From all over I fell to the pavement. And woke up.

When I woke up, I heard the front door slam behind Veronica.

This is her manner of "leaving without saying goodbye" it infuriates me! Not good morning, dear, not coffee in bed, so fucking dick, fuck her all, here is an insensitive creature!

Gray light is pouring from the window.

Crumpled sheet in the legs, wet pillow.

Good morning World...

There is a disgusting taste in my mouth as if I were chewing shit.

The bass rumble of space is still ringing in my ears.

To distract from pains in the body, I begin to create mental interference.

What could be better than drinking in the morning? Raising my ass, I head to the kitchen and opened the refrigerator with the intention of sorting out all of today's shit.

I put in a glass outflowing with sweat parallelepiped of ice.

While pouring a light brown liquid into the cup, I am shaking it gently, the ice rattles loudly.

The first sip makes you a bit reconciled with reality. Probably.

Damn it, this filthy habit of leaving without saying goodbye starts to annoy me more and more, but I suspect that she just likes to annoy me. She takes moral pleasure from it, maybe even physical.

I still have Veronica's books in my apartment.

More precisely, my apartment is literally littered with her books.



What kind of CDs are these? "BTS" "SEVENTEEN"? And something else?

H-m. One day I'll use all these CDs as compromising evidence.

How strange, damn it, I'm sure I moved the sofa to the window. So why the hell is he again against the wall? (maybe I just forgot that I rearranged it, or didn't I rearranged it at all?)

So where the hell are my cigarettes? Probably Veronica stole them. Always she delves in my pockets and things, damn mischief.

What kind of book is this? "Carl Gustav Jung / Man and His Symbols"

Well, what a mess, she threw everything here! Well, what a girl!

Disks and a book, I threw under the sofa so that they would not interfere with me.

So, what should I read for myself? Something normal.

I generally like to read, I read everything. If you sit in four walls, trying to preserve the remnants of reason, reading becomes the only activity that can keep you afloat. But at the same time, reading is my desertion, my daily cowardice before life, the justification of my inability to work, the perpetual excuse, the screen behind which I hide my defeats, my failure. (and here, right here, as usual, I was attacked by reflective sadness).

Books are another reality in which I exist (Or the only one?).

But how much more do I need to read books to make sure once again that everything in the world has suffered and is suffering to this day. And there are very few really happy people (In fact, I just need money, like everyone else).

Hell! I just remembered a very unpleasant thing (More precisely, a fact).

I ran out of money and together with that, the desire to live is running out.

Well, it's time to earn some money, I am again aground. How unpleasant it is.

And why should I work at all? The money will run out anyway, and there's not enough for anything except to pay for a rent and buy a meal. Well, yes, and still need to put aside some money for new pants.

In general, my next plan of action is back into force.

My plan, as usual, consists of one item and one subitem.

Action Plan: earn money and quit.

Sub point: to remain without an action plan, but with money.

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After a couple of days, and to be more precise and merciless to my pride - after a week; I got a job as a waiter in one lousy restaurant, but even there I was asked to shave my moustache. I have no idea how they bother them ?! I assured that I would shave them later. Of course, I lied, I'm not going to do this! Anyway, I will not stay long on this work. It is only necessary to manage to get the first salary, at best the second, and then quit. There is only one problem. In filling out another damn questionnaire! I always start to panic when filling out a questionnaire. I am in a panic. Looking at the profile, I begin to get lost and even forget who I am, what

year of birth, my name and so on. For all questions in the questionnaire, I want to write "NO" or just to put a cross.

Maybe I didn't mention this, but I have long since understood the art of cutlery sign language. I approached this business with great enthusiasm. (The ancient Greeks left us a legacy of the most beautiful word of our language: "enthusiasm", from "en theo", which means "God who is inside"). Sign language in many restaurants replaces words. Probably.

Fuck it all! And to hell with this job too! And to hell with me!

Anyway, I'll quit soon. I'm not going to hang around here and come here on weekdays.

Every evening I come after work and sit on the sofa, which faithfully served me as a bed. And so constantly. From morning to night I try to arouse the desire to work.

I sit down on the sofa, lean back on its soft pillows, and start looking at the white wall as if I see the vibrations that come from the loud music playing in the next apartment.

If they don't make it quieter, then I will have to call the police.

My attention was attracted by other vibrations coming from under my ass.

That was my phone.

It was too lazy to move, so I just ran my hand under myself and with great effort tore the phone from the dark bowels of the sofa.

I looked at the screen ... - it was Veronica.

I didn't pick up the phone, I just don't want to.

All right, I will see her. But today she does not exist.

She will probably tell me again about opening new horizons, development, determination and something else ...

Gosh, she's still ringing! I won't pick up the phone, I'm too lazy (I don't want to).

I just don't feel like it, I still will see her on Sunday. Why once again to listen to all her negativity? Gosh, is she still calling ?!

Oh, finally stopped!

If she will get me: "Why didn't you pick up the phone?" - I will answer that I simply didn't notice or was very busy, in general, I'll think up something more realistic. Yes, to hell with her! Why should I constantly report to her?!

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The next Sunday, I again appeared in the group.

Where they informed me that Veronica is d\_e\_a\_d.

It was too harsh and unexpected. (I can not believe this!).

I did not immediately believe in her demise, as I was very surprised, you could even say that I was in shock. She still made up her mind and opened her veins. Apparently, the Korean boy bands did not distract her from the harsh reality, in which there is no place for dreams. I'm sure that

she wanted to meet a cool Korean guy, but life's troubles and hardships finished her off, or rather killed her.

Only in dreams we are all free, and in separate time we need a salary.

Dream ships crash against the sharp stones of life. But on my imaginary sunny islands of madness and cynicism, this boat safely enters the port - for this reason I am still alive.

Naturally, the news of Veronica's suicide upset me, but at the moment, all the tragedy of what had happened had not yet completely filled my mind.

Meanwhile, as I was sitting in the lobby and thinking about what had happened, a policeman came up to me. Since Veronica was calling my phone before she died, the policeman decided to interrogate me.

Perhaps Veronica wanted to warn me about what she was going to do, maybe this was the very case of a "cry for help." Perhaps I could save her, dissuade her from suicide, reassure in the end, and maybe not.

I said that I was sleeping with her (What is there to hide?) Yes, and I had an alibi, I worked. (I'm in shock - but I won't tell anyone about it).

So, they interrogated me more and asked some kind of stupid questions, then asked me to come to the police station for some kind of stupid interrogation there, but of my own free will. I said I would come, but this is unlikely.

Meanwhile; I was stuck in the hall. I felt uneasy, and I went into the group.

Brainfixer was still ranting, I sat in a chair. Nobody paid attention to me. At that moment, I just wanted to be with someone.

— It really was! - shouted someone from the group.

— Well, that's it, calm down, Miss Bager, all is well. We are friends, we are all friends here. Do not be nervous. Calm down and breathe deeply. - Brainfixer said in a balanced, but still in the same annoying and arrogant voice as all brainfixers say.

— I'm not crazy at all! I repeat for the morons! Last night I sat at a computer and somewhere around one in the morning or a little more I looked out the window and saw how something was moving in the sky opposite to the neighbouring house, an orange dot the size of a tennis ball was moving. Well, maybe more. I still watched this from afar. Then I thought: "Perhaps someone flies the Chinese lantern?". But just in case, I decided to photograph it. But while I was looking for the camera, while I set it up for night shooting, an unknown object immediately disappeared above our house. So I stayed with the ready camera at one o'clock in the morning, it was a shame, and I regretted that I had no time to shoot anything. And here! As if catching my thoughts an unknown object from the same point where he disappeared, reappeared! Flying, he stopped, as if posing for me. But, suddenly my camera's battery ran out. This is another oddity.

I remember exactly that the battery was charged. And so, I am looking, in the vicinity of the fifth floor an orange luminous ball is floating. I thought what is it? Is it the lantern flying, or is my head's roof going off? I look at the lantern - it is in place, and the orange light continues to move, well, very similar to the light of this lantern. I decided it was yesterday's plasmoid. I was really very amazed. Sailing along the facades of two houses, it ascended into the sky and disappeared. Immediately after that I went to bed. It was already two in the morning. As soon as I lay down, contact immediately began. I hear a knock on the door. Well, I got out of bed, look through the peephole of the door. And nobody there. Well, I decided not to

open, you never know what may happen. On the way to the bedroom I went into the kitchen to wet my throat. I drank a glass of water. But as soon as I looked out the window, I again saw this flying ball. It kept circling under my window. The window was open, and Mr. Neko, this is my Cornish Rex cat, meowed strongly and jumped out the window. I don't know why, probably, to catch this ball, I don't know. Jumping out the window, thank God, the cat managed to fly to a tree and went down into the yard. I ran out of the apartment at night, but did not find him. But this afternoon I met him. But he ran away from me. Mr. Neko doesn't seem to recognize me or remember me as his mistress. I even posted ads in the yard about the missing cat. I'll show you his photo now, maybe someone saw his dark ears, paws and a long black tail; flexible elongated body, large round head, muzzle with bristly whiskers, beard and bright green eyes. The color of the eyes changes when he is angry or threatening, the pupils become red or green. The ears of the cat are always on the alert; they catch the slightest rustle. - Some woman said.

— What the fuck are you talking about, freaky bitch ?! Yes, everyone does not care about your filthy cat! She is dead! She doesn't exist any more! Oh god, it's me to blame! I did not pick up the phone! She called me, but I didn't pick up the phone! She needed help, she wanted to talk!

I didn't pick up the phone! I'm a monster! It's all my fault! And she is dead! I can not stand.

— I don't understand, who are you talking about? Who is dead?

— You are not crazy and you are not going crazy, I also see them, you are as normal as I am. Fantasy, as such, does not exist. Any fiction is already a reality.

— My feet will no longer be in your filthy psychological center! Fuck everything with your problems and cowardly escape from reality!

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One week passed (Or less?) In general, something passed there, except me.

I did nothing and was in a very unusual state of mind for me.

Well, I mean I was drinking all week. (I'm nobody without her, it's my fault!)

I did not attend Veronica's funeral. (What will I tell her mother?!)

How strange, just recently I saw her, talked with her, was silent with her, and now she is dead, she is no more. "K-pop" attracted Veronica by relieving her of pain, bringing pleasure as a substitute. Probably.

Veronica's heart was heated with hope and faith because when she listened to "K-pop", thoughts of cold, hunger, thirst and suffering did not disturb her at all. She saw ahead only quiet Korean joys and an end to painful loneliness, getting rid of heartless people, who clouded her presence and the already difficult time for her, hoping that peace of mind would return to her again, and her life would again be full of serene happiness.

Veronica's soul was crowded with some desires, unclear to herself.

Nothing aroused them, because there was no push. It seemed as soon as she would reach out her hand she would grab the Korean paradise. But she did not try, lulled by their gentle rumble. She probably didn't want to try. More people die from suicide than from massacres, car accidents, or animal attacks; so it's strange that from the news we hear so often about killers and so little about people who committed suicide on their own. (Our fear to fall in love and if something goes wrong - to kill ourselves, it should be stronger than the fear of a shark attack or a car accident!) Every year, on average, more than a million people a year decide to make ends with their own lives! Suicide ranks fifteenth among the causes of death, accounting for one and a half percent of all deaths in the world. I should have a drink. I'll open a new bottle of vodka, whiskey, and something else, I'll open it and, finally, maybe I will find oblivion or not find anything, but it's almost the same. (From my physiological and psychological problems; I managed to make a lifestyle)

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It has been half a month since Veronica's death (Or one month?)  
Most of the days I spent in an alcoholic stupor.  
All that I have left of her is her books, no one came to pick them up.  
I stopped attending a psychological support group.  
I discharged from my job.  
Got inside and locked in there.  
I really miss Veronica. I would not mind listening to her whining about a bad life. I myself have no ability and strength to complain.  
I don't even know if my life became more empty without her, was it complete with her?  
In the evening I was left alone, which is not surprising.  
Lying on the couch, I asked endless questions to myself.  
Empty days, stuffiness in my room, and six socks (I still forgot to take them off again)  
An alarm clock that did not ring, does not ring, will not ring at the set time, in order to wake me up (Because it has been broken for a long time).  
I put the opened book next to me and still continue to lie on the couch.  
All around; heaviness, noise, numbness and here again "THIS" - is a completely sterile feeling. Something like evidence that caused a drawing of the mouth which eventually turns into boredom.  
Poorly. How bad I am! Breathing is getting harder!  
I opened the window and began to breathe deeply, but still, nothing helped.  
I lay on the sofa, curled up, began to cry, sob like a little child. Do not think that I am crying because of Veronica. No, no, ha, of course, not because of her. The deceased should be mourned, and born for a difficult struggle with the hardships of life, and with "IT".  
The worst thing is that I just can't come to terms with the fact that my life cannot be so creepy and very painful, absurd and absolutely meaningless.

Continuing to cling to the thought that this is not really happening, I fall into the void. Forever and ever. Probably.

I wrap myself in a blanket. But as soon as my head touched the pillow, I fell into the darkness. Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look. This look. Whose is it?

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In the next morning. Nothing. I sat at home all day.

Mostly I just read. I read everything in a row (And I thumped a lot, very much)

Complete silence. Another silence. There is absolutely nothing to do.

Every new day squeezes more of me. This pain requires, longs for me to feel it. Feels like silence and darkness mesmerized me.

Sitting on my couch, I light a cigarette.

My lungs are filled with harmful nicotine, tar, toxins, and I am happy with this choking. It is at least real.

Life rapes me as infected by AIDS prostitute who has nothing more to lose, while postures become so bent that you cannot find anything like that in any Kamasutra. Do not get it wrong, I meant exactly the word "rape".

In the morning I went to get a job. (Sooner or later, life will humiliate everyone).

All my damned days went by exactly like the past days, some days were cold, some gray, and some unbearably boring. (Well, I also worked, or rather worked part time - but this is just a nuance).

And here I am, as usual, alone in my rented apartment. A wind blew over the earth flooded with water, which was consumed by darkness, and I sit to myself, I think, I don't think, and I smoke.

The stars were extinguished by swollen ink clouds. Dense fog filled the space.

I remembered! Today is my birthday?!

It's terrible, damn it, I never celebrate this damned day, probably already from my teens. Day, like day and all days.

Thoughts and my memory again disappointed me, I went to the shower.

I took a cold shower, made hot tea, but as soon as I lit a cigarette again, I realized that "THIS" was still in my chest. "THIS" is not something to think about. It is necessary that "IT" surges, piled with all its weight.

Drops of rain drummed on the glass (And I'm getting worse).

I went to the window. In my hand I held a mug of tea that warmed my palms a bit.

Looked out the window at the distorted reflection of himself - it's terrible.

Parts of my face drained along with raindrops, falling on the windowsill, breaking my essence into pieces. I'm just terrible, even for someone who is used to seeing horror in the mirror every morning, this is disgusting. (I'm getting worse, worse and worse).

Well, it's time. To hell with everything! It's time to deal with this once and for all!

In the life of every person there comes a time when you need to become braver and more courageous, in the end, it's time for me to die.

Human life is just a period of time and nothing more.

The qualities that we admire in a person are kindness, generosity, openness, straightforwardness, understanding, sensitivity. All this ensures failure in our system. There are traits that we consider to be vile, this is cunning, greed, thirst for profit, avidity, meanness, selfishness, egoism. All this, on the contrary, guarantees success. The first gentleman's set delights people, but, apparently, they prefer to use the fruits of the second only. Are the rules the same everywhere?! (No one is waiting for me with open arms, but only death will accept me for who I am).

I'm not going to hang around in these walls until I'm seventy years old and hear the only sounds in the apartment.

Having finished my tea, I took a belt and a stool.

The fact that I have a stool in the apartment was a discovery for me.

Standing on a stool, I tied a belt near one protruding pipe.

I threw a belt around my neck, it began to press me on the Adam's apple.

It's time to end life's uncertainty.

Standing on tiptoe, I began to rock the chair (Of course, it would be better to shoot myself, it's easier, probably, but I don't have the money for a decent revolver, like for everything else)

I do not want to live anymore. But what's most annoying - I never wanted to.

I tremble with excitement and suffering, I do not move, sobbing and weeping bitterly, broken and exhausted by an insane outburst of fear and despair; I'm just sitting.

I live an empty life - work, four walls, work, again four walls - Where am I?

This is the work that we perform and which completely subordinates us, because it wears out. This is our salary, which classifies us under a certain standard of living. (I'm a rag, always been a rag, a tattered floor rag!).

Cruelty, greed, debauchery, loss, disappointment, corruption, injustice, nonsense nagging and something else. All this will find me wherever I go.

I admit that I lost and am worth nothing. I'm a jerk, rag and someone else.

All I can do is continue to earn extra money, or just work, but whatever I do, I will never go to another level. And there are billions of poor losers like me (They're even worse than me) But I don't want to live like that. It's too low.

I will not rot in this rented apartment until the end of my life! The whole horror is that I understand all this. I will free myself from this conscious nightmare!

I will put an end to all this limitation, illness and to all this humiliation!

(And then, as usual, the thought occurred to me: maybe it was worth becoming a donor? - maybe even my death will bring happiness to someone, and at least someone will have a chance at life? - and although not, because through my organs my insignificance can be transmitted like an infection).

So, to be or not to be, that is the question. Is it worthy to put up with the blows of fate or is it necessary to resist? And to end troubles in a mortal battle with a whole sea of troubles?

V\_I\_B\_R\_A\_T\_I\_O\_N\_S ... These vibrations are coming from somewhere below.

My head leaned down and I saw a source of vibration - it was my phone.

My blurred gaze was pierced by the light through which the text appeared:

“Open the Door” “Veronica”

What the fuck ?! She is dead! (Or am I dead? - or have I never existed?)

Perhaps these are dying hallucinations ...

Maybe it's somebody calling neighbours? After all, here the walls are thinner than my hands.

Well, here's the call again.

No, they're calling: ME.

Why can't they let me die peacefully ?! Who could it be?

Suddenly, the call resumed with a new truly outrageous force.

Annoying, intrusive, uninvited guest. What rogue cannot leave me alone even in my last moments?!

Damn him.

I untied the belt, threw back the chair in the side and went to open this damned door.

On my neck, apparently, there were red spots from the crush of the belt, my neck is very itchy and aches.

I opened the door. Before me was an unfamiliar face, and not even a face in the full sense of the word. On the threshold stood a tall man, pale as a shadow, he introduced himself, but I will not give his name (And there are reasons for this, there are reasons for everything).

Introducing himself, he went into my apartment, although I did not invite him.

We can say that this man felt at home, albeit without my permission.

This gentleman offered me a job in one institution. He said that my candidacy is perfect for this position (It was so weird)

I personally did not ask questions, but only listened to him. Suddenly I had the feeling that I was afraid of this man.

To my surprise, he knew absolutely everything about me. He knew who my parents were, knew all my relatives, whom I had never seen in my life.

He also knew that I did not linger on any work for a long time.

A mysterious stranger informed me that my candidacy was perfect.

He said the hell: “Your candidacy is perfect, Mr. Emmanuel.”

Something told me that if I do not agree, then I would have a lot of problems.

An anonymous employer explained everything to me and told me what was in my responsibilities.

But first he warned me not to tell anyone where I work, and that our meeting is the first and the last. All this was so strange and not rational. But it didn't bother me. I was worried about my salary. And as soon as I was told the amount, I forgot everything. The payment was very large. Very! For the money I can rent an apartment in a decent area and start saving money for a car! Poor greed prevailed over paltry detachment. The thought of profit immediately kicked the thought of suicide out of my mortal mind. It burst in precisely like this mysterious gentleman, beat and exposed the old



feelings and began to feel at home. I just wanted to commit suicide in order to at least change something.

I admit it. I was mistaken in judgments.

After the past stage of my impulsive emotions, I once again rethought my life and, going to the window, I just saw that the little evil moon shone damn brightly. (The world has no intentions for me - and I'm not going to die).

It's like I'm reborn and entering a new life ...

## WHERE AM I?

Warm.

Today is very mild weather.

A bright light breaks through my closed eyelids, forcing me to wake up.

I opened my eyes and realized that it was not the sun at all, but my new table lamp.

I bought this lamp in a fashion furniture store. Yes, now I can afford quite expensive things. Also, I bought myself just a fucking breathtaking orthopedic mattress! Its elastic and rigid material is not subject to decay and mold, this mattress allows air to pass through and does not damp, with it my sleep has improved significantly. Now I sleep like a man, waking up without physical pain.

I also got a Renault Capture car. This car underlines my desire to be a man of balance.

I'm sure you think "Renault Capture" is not cool. Of course, there are more expensive cars, more prestigious brands, fashionable, high-quality, cool, but as for me, they are all too soulless.

When you board the Renault, you probably know that you have already been taken care of.

So here; I now live in a new apartment, in a very decent area.

The apartment is in a design style, nothing more, everything I have passes the test of need. The apartment should be cozy, no frills, comfortable like "Renault."

In the morning I happen to be tormented by some amazing longing, well, as usual.

Уже почти год прошел с тех пор, как я принял предложение того загадочного господина (Или полтора года?)

Needless to say, I will not be trying to tell exactly everything that happened yesterday and the day before, or a month, a year ago; too much time has passed since then.

I can only say that nothing happened of what is usually called an event.

Well, what else can I say? It seems like life is getting better. Probably.

Apartment, car, new device, clothes; it's all unimportant, but because it's all unimportant, this makes it all so important.

I looked at the time. It was one o'clock in the afternoon. You can still sleep.

Again, I fell into a sweet void, but then, from a dream, a vile buzz burst out of my sleep, it was my alarm clock. Sluggish movement, crawling like a worm on the loose earth, my hand blindly approached the source of the sound.

It's time to get up, damn it (Well, raise your ass, lazy!)

As soon as I got up I immediately went into the bathroom and tried to become Caesar while peeing and looking at myself in the mirror. A mirror that reflects the features that make my face. Draining the water, I began to touch my thin body.

I have a model figure. Probably. With the edges of my fingertips I reached for the protruding shoulder blades. It seems to me that one shoulder blade is slightly higher than the other? The shoulder blades are all that remains of my wings. Maybe I should eat more?

I walked closer to the mirror.

In the reflection is me. And do I sometimes look like a cow?

Cow, this is the best option. Probably. There is also a bug and a jellyfish.

My bulging though sleepy eyes do not express any interest to what they are looking at. I see myself in the mirror, and this does not cause me any feeling, even that which could be born simply out of habit. This beef reflection, which I have already learned from experience to identify as the most correct image of my face, it does not seem to feel any sympathy or appreciation for me. This reflection just looks at me out of politeness, just because I look at it.

That's it. Now I have to go...

I sit in my new car: "Renault Capture" - a classic design, a cozy and soft interior, a delicate gearbox, malleable pedals and the engine is quiet.

Everything is cool with me (Or do I want to believe it?) Was this the main plan ?!

What else have I changed? NOTHING. Although, in truth, I have changed a lot of things in myself; habits, attitude, and so on, but gradually. I am still working on myself, but gradually. I call it the effect of lazy change. I, as an actor, live playfully, change, create, and sometimes cry.

I'm already thirty (Well, maybe a little more).

I am not married, have no children, no family, no relationship.

Home work, home work.

And so every day - this is the essence of my life, this is a secret conversation with myself.

I hope I have not passed the turn?

Sometimes. Rarely.

Sometimes I remember Veronica, I understand that sometimes I miss her.

Veronica was cool. Or not? Well of course not! She always annoyed me!

And even now, one thought about her infuriates me and pisses me off!

Why the hell did I even remember this addicted bitch?!

Why did I remember this bitch who blamed everyone for her own mistakes ?!

Simple human grief filled my life so much that there is no place for other feelings. Probably.

Veronica constantly poured nonsense of her garbage at me that she read in her moronic books and scared me with her yolk sayings. Sometimes, it seems that her suffering has become contagious; it is poisonous to others. Probably.

But time goes on, life goes on, her image becomes dim and all the little things of the past, living, small memories in my soul, imperceptibly for me going out.

My thoughts and other nonsense broke off.

My cell phone started vibrating and began to involuntarily massage my genitals.

But this did not last long. What is it?

I got a message on the phone.

Probably again from the elite boutiques, at this time of the year they have discounts there.

What ?! This is a message from Veronica. "Open the door"

Cold goosebumps went all over my body. - What the hell is this?!

This is not rational! (The world is populated by irrationalities - but that's already too much!)

Surely it's just someone else's mistake. So-so. Quiet. Calmly. Calm down! Quiet!

I would think that this is a joke, not a mistake, but I do not have friends who would like to play a trick on me (Or is it a joke?)

One thought passed in my head, which was spinning and spinning again and again.

Out of sheer curiosity, I decided to call this number. A dead electronic voice came from the tube. - This subscriber is temporarily unavailable.

So what the hell is going on?!

I even felt uneasy. I feel uneasy.

No no! This is simply a network operator error.

Right! The way it is! Yes of course! It is obvious! Damned dirty tricks!

Ha, I already managed to cheat myself to hell with that mysticism. Here I am a fool.

But nothing, these cripples will still receive from me. You can't scare people like that.

I'll deal with them! I will write a complaint! I will sue them!

Yes, exactly! I will sue money from these dirty tricks for moral damage!

They will still dance for me, they will regret, I will hire a devilishly good and expensive lawyer. We will sue the company for millions. Probably.

I need to transfer my thoughts into something more positive. After all, now I plan to purchase a more extensive apartment on credit. But these are only plans. Only marriage doesn't have place in the plans; I lead a basically bachelor lifestyle.

Suddenly I saw HIM.

Damned stranger, I'm not the first to meet this freak. Is he staring at me again? Or does it seem to me? Did he start something insidious?

What does he need? Does he see someone in me, did he confuse me with someone, maybe he just doesn't look at me, but at my Renault Capture? (Does he just want to be like me? Or am I too picky about a casual passerby?).

The road is excellent, no accidents, no annoying drivers and pedestrians. Smoothly and gently, like the iron with which I iron my branded shirts, I overcome the city. So strange, usually there were hills in the distance and not empty fields, and a highway, I'm literally sure that there were hills in the distance, probably.

A couple of kilometers ahead, then to the right, then again to the right, a little straight, now to the left, and now I'm almost there.

I got here for quite some time! And so every day without days off.

This place is very similar to a spawning of rococo.

A special place, built in the old style, so that the elite people visiting it feel special.

It is very quiet and calm here, but until you go inside.

With careful steering movements, I drive my car into an underground parking designed for staff.

Outside, right next to the luxurious park, there is a parking lot, on which fabulously expensive cars usually stand. Teenagers usually dream of such cars, seeing them on the covers of automobile magazines. Or do teens no longer read magazines? Ah, to hell with them, with these parasites. Now this parking lot is empty, it's only six in the evening on my watch, and visitors will start to arrive only at seven, eight o'clock.

Following the graceful paved path, I headed for the doors of this amazing, poisonous, wonderful, vile, delightful, nauseating place.

I walked to the big damn tall and massive door.

Directly above the door was a small but graceful engraving of "Cogito ergo sum".

I have no idea, what does this mean? I have always been a very bad linguist.

k\_n\_o\_c\_k.

One more; k\_n\_o\_c\_k.

And more knock-knock...

I'm knocking harder. What do these idlers think there ?! How outrageous!

But suddenly I heard fussy sounds behind the door. I remembered that I had the keys to the establishment, but it was too late, a voice came from behind the door; - PASSWORD.

— Oh god, it's me Emmanuel, open, damn you! What kind of jokes are these ?!

The voice did not want to compromise; he repeated; - PASSWORD!

I had no choice, I strained my convolutions: - LOGOS. - I answered.

— Wrong! - But how is it that it is wrong?!

— Conjunctio? - I said uncertainly.

— What ?! Is that Latin? All in all, it doesn't matter, what the hell! Still wrong!

Why, the hell, are these flawed ones change this damn password every couple of days ?!

Bitch, I will knock out that damned door and deal with them! Hmm ... but what if?

— Sodom and Gomorrah! - I said, hoping to try my luck again.

— Wrong!

— HEK293 - I have no idea why I said this, and where I heard it at all.

— Well, you made it up. Man, you forgot the password again?

— What is it ?! Kindergarten, and no more! And, well, quickly open, fuck your mother!

Door opened. - Oh, well, now I'll teach them a lesson, the last assholes!

— Hello Mr. Borzouman.

— Hi, Ruslan, and hello to you Jensen. Wow, Jensen, you have a jacket today...

— Emmanuel, why do you forget this damn password all the time? You yourself last time suggested the password to be "PARADIGM"

— I suggested? I do not remember this! Last month, it was definitely a password; LOGOS.

But this week I completely forgot everything. So no more passwords!

— Alright, alright, this is the last time, no more passwords, whatever you say.

I crossed my arms behind my back, and made my face as businesslike as possible and impudently uttered:

— So we stop tossing around with nonsense! Customers will be here in an hour, so stop messing around. And further! This was the last time, no more passwords! Ruslan, don't get it wrong, it's not that I found fault. But be tidier, you don't work at the zoo.

What is this appearance? Take the example from Candid.

So strange, in Ruslan's eyes, a strange stillness, he looks at me almost point-blank, and yet he does not see me at all; in any case, there is something elusively sexual in his vague, ignoring gaze.

— Alright, alright, this is the last time, no more passwords. As you say.

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

The underground is empty.

What a disgrace, even there are no waiters, these damned renegades are late again.

Well, I'll walk around, inspect the institution, (underground), because I'm a manager.

Ah, here, in the underground I always feel relieved. The underground, as the embodiment of power and strength. Strange I did not expect that I would become a servant of all these underground forces. My nightmare brought me to this place.

I instantly went to the large marble staircase, climbing up it, my sliding hand felt the coolness exuded by the railing.

Much ado about nothing.

Damn it! Something seems.

I am listening to the cries of someone else's existence. And that's all that there is.

— Faster, Faster! Stir up, you girls!

The sound came from below, from the kitchen, I decided to go down and put things in order.

I went down the stairs, then went right through the door, then through a long scary corridor, and now I ended up in the kitchen.

Well, what stuffiness is here! As I suspected, our chef Monsar was the source of the sound.

He is always in no mood. Always grumbling at all. In this case, the object of grunts was, as usual, his assistant Alfred (or is it Yuri?)

A feeling of déjà vu suddenly surged over me (Or is it not déjà vu? - I work almost every day, so this is not surprising)

— Faster, Faster! We are working! Move, the hell, you!

— Monsieur Monsar, let me ask, why are you shouting so much? - I decided to go straight to the point. - You can be heard even on the second floor, I will ask you to speak quietly when the guests arrive. My words were met with indignant exclamations:

— Hush But how can I be quieter in this damn steam room ?! - He answered, not looking at me. — Yes, here we have an order for two specialties, if I am quieter, there will be no guests!

— But, nevertheless, Mr. Monsar, I will ask you to comply with the rules of the institution. Ah, and more, mute the music ...

— Alright, alright, just don't get me, sucker. Then came some kind of slurred grumbling, and I decided to leave him alone with his pots.

I looked at my watch. It was half-past four. Hell! But there are still no waitresses! Well, it's nothing, I always have everything under control. If anything happens, then I myself will serve customers as a waiter. Yes, and I'm sure that I have already seen our future guests.

Meanwhile, while I was walking along the long and terrible corridor, the screams of Monsieur Monsar could be heard behind me; — Where's my "ruy" damn it? Again, one of you girls did not put things in their places! Always keep an eye on your jobs places! Everything should be in place and always ready to work! Got it, girls?! Wimps and girls have no place in my kitchen! - Shouted Monsar and for some reason unknown to me, he threw an empty plate on the floor. (There was a broken sound of glass - maybe it's for luck?)

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

Stuffy.

It would be necessary to turn on the draught hood, otherwise all the steam from the kitchen would spoil the mood.

And anyway, why is this music still coming from the kitchen?!

— Hey buddy, how are you? You somehow look unhealthy. - said Candide.

— Yes, everything is fine, I just have a lot of stress. Someone has come! Oh my gosh, but the waitresses are still out of place! Well, I have to work!

Okay, hell, I'll serve clients myself, although this is not my responsibility, but I'm the Manager.

And here are the visitors.

Yes, yes, I recognized them. I knew that it was them. They always come at this time.

Workers are still out of place. Well, nothing, I personally will accept their order.

- Welcome, gentlemen, very glad to see you, let me take your coat.  
I led them to one of the tables. There was silence in the establishment.  
Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look. This look. Whose is it?

## WHY AM I?

I dreamed that the damn message came to my phone: Open the Door.  
But I did not have time to think about this nonsense.  
Because I overslept, damn it! I overslept and did not sleep sufficient.  
Now I'll figure it out! (To be honest; I slept not a couple of hours of life,  
but suffering)  
I immediately took a shower and went to work without breakfast.  
Where are the keys? Damn them ?! I don't have time for details!  
My stomach is empty, my mind is knocked down, but I'm always neat at  
the wheel.  
I was already driving out of town, when suddenly I saw a strange man  
on the side of the road. He was wearing a tuxedo, and his hand was  
extended in a gesture of a hitchhiker.  
I decided to give him a ride.  
You probably think why take strangers from the street and bring them  
up?  
Ah, you do not understand! Sometimes you need to do something good  
at least once, even to your own detriment.  
Probably it will not bring happiness, but it will give peace. You need a  
fellow traveller on the road, but sympathy in life! I always believed that  
people should be helped because we are all one, one organism on this lonely  
planet, if everything is fine with people, then the planet, animals, nature,  
ecology will also be fine.  
I stopped beside him and asked:  
— Should I give you a lift??  
— Oh yes, that would be nice, thank you.  
He got into the car and we started off. I was curious, and I decided to  
find out why this gentleman stood alone, dressed in a tuxedo in the middle  
of the track.  
— Aren't there too many clothes on you at this time of year?  
— I've spent all day at the casino.  
— Oh yes, we have a lot of good casinos here. Let me ask, are you from  
these places?  
— Oh no, I'm from France, I came here to visit an old friend.  
— I understand that from your accent, I myself would not mind going to  
France one day.  
— Planning to travel?  
— Well, I just said it by the way. And you know what, yes, why not travel,  
damn it, I even somehow got sick of this damned little town. Yes, and I  
always wanted to visit France. - Here I lied again, since for the most part I

do not care about this World, I am not eager to travel and inspect the devil knows what, the devil knows why.

— Oh, yes, France, this is a wonderful place, especially its part of the village. But this city is beautiful, too, beautiful nature here. Look at the hills in the distance, how beautiful they are.

— I do not mind moving to Paris to live, but these are only thoughts out loud.

— By the way, I do not advise you to move to France, immigrants have dirtied everything.

And the government itself forces people to fight for their rights and huge taxes justified by nothing. But you know, I grew up in Odessa.

— You said; Odessa? What a coincidence! My father is from Odessa.

— That is it? Well, then he was damn unlucky. Surely he is finished Putz.

— Yes, yes, he always said that himself. - (APCHI! - damned cold)

— Be healthy. These thoughts, all these your images in your head, are they yours?

— Yes thank you. And what do you, monsieur, do in life?

— I'm traveling now. Looking for new friends. But mostly I live in Asia.

When you travel for many years, you lose your nationality, you become a citizen of the world. But traveling is still not for me. Is this a journey?

There is only one kind of travel that is possible in our inner world. Traveling around the world, we do not really learn much. Traveling around the world is only a symbolic journey. And wherever we go, we keep looking for our soul.

— Soul?

— Yes, soul. The soul does not know itself as it is, its erroneous opinion that it is a person and makes us people in this world. "Bon voyage"

— Let me ask you, what is your name?

— Oh, sorry for the tactlessness, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, you can just Jean-Jacques.

— Jean-Jacques Rousseau? The same one? French philosopher, writer, thinker of the Enlightenment?

— Yes, it was in his honor that my parents called me that. And who are you named after?

— Call me simple, Emmanuel.

— Emmanuel? The very one, Emmanuel?

— Yes, the very one. The one and only!

— Nice to meet you.

— Mutually.

— Very nice. Haha. Again he patted my leg (Or stroked?).

— Mutually. Haha, Laughter is the shortest distance between two people. Haha.

— Haha. Cool. Probably. I have no idea what he is talking about..

— Haha. Are you a runner by any chance?

— Ha! What? Runner? In what sense? - (What a strange question?)

— Weird question? You just have strong legs. You have a very developed quadriceps femoris. - He said and patted my leg again (On the muscle?).

— Uh, thanks, maybe.

— No, well, you still have very athletic legs.

— Well, thanks, thanks. I sometimes do physical exercises, sometimes I squat and do aggressive walking, so to speak.



— Very strong legs, that's straight, I see in them the great power and that's it. Do you like sushi? - He again put his hand on my foot, but this time he did not stop there, he launched it further, grabbing me by the cock.

What the hell?! What the hell does this homosexual allow himself ?! Now I'll deal with him!

— What the hell?! What the hell are you, fagot, letting yourself be ?! Now I'll deal with you!

Hitting the brakes, I jumped out of the car, opened the door and pulled this impudent bugger out of the car. Well, now I'll teach him a lesson!

— I will teach you now! Well, get out, lively!

— Homosexuality is humanism!

— Don't you trash-mouth me, bastard!

— All the same, all these are fake. This is not our world.

— There is no need to dissolve your gay ones Guksu! You can watch! Do not touch!

— But the Lord made me like that!

— Ah, well, let's fight! I will teach you now!

— Can't we just sit down, calm down and talk?

— No! I will teach you a lesson of good manners!

— But it seemed to me that I had good manners. Do you actually know how to fight, mister?

— Come on, get started, FAG! - He smiled sarcastically and said.

— FAG? Oh well, mister. - After these words, he began to tear off a tuxedo. When he completely tore off his tuxedo, it turned out that he had a kimono under it.

What is going on?! (is it a black belt or dark blue?) He began to swing his legs in front of me, while screaming heart-rendingly. The heavy wind of his blows mixed with the sound of guttural cries scared me.

He kept advancing, I all retreating. Well, to hell with him, he is completely crazy!

I started to run away. But he began to chase me.

— Fuck you, leave me alone, crazy!

— All the same, we all die one day! Bon Voyage!

Looks like he stopped chasing me, damn crazy.

I jumped into the car, frantically turned the ignition key, and left this place at full speed. Damn it, why do I always come across some kind of psychos ?!

Well, at least the rest of the way I overcame without incident.

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

I arrived in the underground on time. (Well, well, I'm a little late, but quite a bit)

Yes, what the hell is going on here ?! Well, what a boom.

On the clock is thirty-seven past eight, and already all the places in the institution are full.

In the institution: the waitresses are literally jumping from table to a table.

With longing, vanity, and with something else I thought: "A difficult night is coming, damn it."

Meanwhile, in the kitchen, cooking is in full swing.

Customers are satisfied, live music is playing.

Everything is going well, and so until ten o'clock at night.

What had happened at ten o'clock at night? - Nothing special.

Just at twenty-two hours, one rogue visited our establishment.

And for famous people, the entrance is always open.

Hefty man with long hair hanging down to his shoulders and a large beard. He was dressed in denim pants and a denim vest, and there were several sharp spikes on the shoulders of the vest. His whole body was covered in tattoos.

As soon as this defective, public person appeared in our establishment, many visitors immediately recognized this walking splendor.

- This is a rock musician, Victor Sibenchiko! Soloist and guitarist of the Siberian rock band: Crucified Buddha. - Shouted one of the customers.

Wow, really, is he so popular in our area, damn it?

I immediately ordered the waiter to lead him to the table that was at the end of the hall so that he would not interfere with the others. After all, fights in our institution are of no need.

— What will you order? - The waiter-loser said. Ah, I also once started this way, just nostalgic memories surged through. Sorry for him. Although that damn young waiter is enthusiastically doing his job, this guy does not have the most important thing - experience. I hope he doesn't aim at my place? Even if it's so, he's only an amateur who lives on hopes; but the professional works.

— You know what I need! Go and get me the number and two women ready. No! Wait, let it be only one woman, I'm aground now. And bring me a crocodile! And livelier.

— As you wish. Would you like to try our main Delicacy?

— Just bring me the crocodile, damn you!

— Good, good, as you wish.

— I don't like your "rhythm"; it annoys me. I want the order to be brought to me by that guy who is talking to himself. - Then he pointed his meaty finger at me.

— This is your manager, right?

So, it's time for me to deal with this villain.

I went up to him and said: "Yes, sir, what do you want?"

— I have already said everything, fuck your mother, why should I repeat twice?!

— Crocodile, right? I got it, will be done, sir. But, I still advise you to try the visiting card of our institution; the Forbidden fruit.

— The Forbidden fruit? That sounds cool. I once heard that there is a dish in your establishment that tastes divine. But I did not understand what it was. Damn it, you intrigued me! To hell with a crocodile! Hand on hand, drag me this forbidden fruit. And be kind, make sure that there is a girl in the room.

— As you please, everything will be fulfilled. I'll tell you right away that they'll bring everything to your room. Which number do you want?

— Any will do, I don't care the fuck!

— Good, good, then go up to the second floor and go into the third room.

— Yeah. Do not forget! It is you who must bring the order!

— Must it be me? There's no need, sir, I'll inform our waiters ...  
— It's you who must bring my order! And no one else. I like your "rhythm".  
— Alas, this is not my responsibility. The order is delivered by a waiter. And what did you mean that you like my rhythm?  
— Everything in the World and nature has its own rhythm! And man, you are a very unusual person.  
— Alright, alright sir, it'll be done. I will bring you your order. "Yeah, I already regretted asking him again." How I want to throw him out of here. He told me some unprecedented Siberian devilry, he makes out of himself here the hell knows whom, I won't even ask him again.

It seems as if in this institution all customers are just rushing to speak out, to say nonsense just to me - this is my next irony. I did not throw him out for only one reason - morality should prevail over the situation. Probably.

Ecoute-moi...

And now, after a couple of minutes, I trudge with a tray to the Siberian villain.

Approaching the number, I was sure of only one thing; this bad musician is definitely not an undercover agent. He's too stupid for that.

I knocked on the third number, after which this villain opened the door for me.

He stood completely naked, in one of his hands was a dildo.

In order not to see his frightening virtues, I squinted my eyes and went inside.

Putting the tray on the table, I saw that a naked woman was lying on the bed and smoking. By smell it is not tobacco at all. These villains have already managed to spoil everything here.

Well, and ugliness! Lousy addicts. The self-destructive nature of man cannot be stopped. There is too little love and too much money in this World to break this vicious circle of human existence and hope for something better.

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

I was about to turn my back and head for the door, when I suddenly saw that this Russian scoundrel, pulled out white round pills from a chest of drawers and laid them on the table.

He punched them and the tablets turned into powder. Curling up a thousand rubles bill, the villain immediately used the gunpowder for its intended purpose. The whore is already getting out of bed, eagerly hoping that she will receive a dose.

— Hey boy, come here, smell it with us. In his hands he still had a dildo, which he shamelessly shook in front of my face..

— Yes, come on Emmanuel, do not be shy. - said the prostitute and giggled.

— No sir, we are forbidden to do this. I was still trying to be polite (Here is a scoundrel, ah ha, such scoundrels never understand that their lower principles are simply not applicable on the higher paths)

— Don't be a wimp, let's relax. This is all so disgusting. Well, what can I say, I have to shorten. I'm a manager.

— No, sir, we...

Suddenly, another shaggy jerk burst into the room. Two prostitutes entered after him (Our workers).

— Do you want to go broke? Why two ?! - The villain protested, throwing the dildo aside.

— Well, fuck! Vitya, I need to release tension after the concert. To relax in a proper way, understand ?! So shut up and let's get down to business. And who is this? - His dilated pupils actively examined me.

— Ah, this is Emmanuel.

— Emmanuel? What kind of moron is this ?! Is he a lesbian feminist?

— Don't cross me, bitch, you are here only thanks to me! This guy has the most unusual "rhythm" I have ever heard!

— What the hell is the rhythm ?! What nonsense ?! I still do not understand you, Vitya.

— Well, of course, you don't understand! Therefore, I am the leader of the group! In short, Emmanuel now joins us. Right, Emmanuel? By the way, you brought me this incredible dish, this delicacy, this business card that you talked about, everyone is talking about it, but I already want to try and find out what it is. What is this; The Forbidden fruit?

— Yes, yes, please, I brought everything, sir. I put the tray over there, sir. Now, please, let me go, sir.

— You, goof, go nowhere until I let you leave! I want to taste it and tell you what I think about it. - This rogue said, coming up to the tray.

As soon as he opened it, he took the fork and began to poke it in the dish, asking me stupid questions;

— Of course, I understand that the delicacy is the delicacy and that the portion is small.

But this is a micro portion, it is impossible to eat sufficient to be fed. What is it? It reminds me of something. Something very familiar. Somewhere I already saw it. Well, okay, I'll try. - Said the villain and pierced the whole piece of the forbidden fruit and put it in his mouth. Then came the admiration.

— This is the most delicious thing I've ever eaten! What an unusual taste! What an unusual smell! How unusual this is! I definitely like it!

Suddenly, the second ragger again entered the room.

— Vitya, why are you shouting so loud?

— I've just tried the most delicious and unusual dish of my whole life!

— So what is this?

— This is the "Forbidden Fruit"

— "The Forbidden fruit"? So what is this?

— What is it? And really, what is it? Emmanuel, what is this divine dish? What is it made of ?!

— This is a forbidden fruit. Piece de resistance of our institution. You ordered it, sir.

— Are you pretending to be a putz? I know very well what it's called and what have I ordered! I asked what this dish is made of?!

— Don't you know? This is a human embryo.

— What? In what sense, what are you talking about? Wait, are you serious? This is a human embryo, real, human, which is from a woman?

— Yes, sir. This is a real human embryo.

— Your mother to be fucked! Fuck! I'm going to be sick! I feel bad! I need more dope!

You are a psychopath! Everyone in this place is crazy! You are sick! I'm sick! Where is my dope?! - This unbalanced rogue was screaming on and on.

— Victor, relax, don't you think about the human embryo. You are alive, healthy, say thanks. Think about it. There is little difference between the human embryo and the chicken's one.

Hey, waiter, my friend had no idea that this is a human embryo, he became ill because of it, it's your fault, we refuse to pay for it since you did not warn what this dish consists of. You made a mistake and now look at his condition. This is your fault, you should have reported the main ingredient.

— Quiet! Be calm. Quiet. So, first of all, I'm not a waiter. I am a manager. Secondly, you will pay for the dish and all the services provided to you, I am not obliged to inform without need the ingredients, that no one even asked me about.

— Do not mess with him! He is a demon! They are all real demons here! I answer you, they are demons! We will pay! We will pay! We don't need problems...

— Victor, you don't have to pay for it! Fuck them all! No need to pay them!

— Shut up! I feel so bad, I don't want it to get worse for both of us! We will pay! We will pay! Now get out of here! Where's my dope ?! I urgently need a dose! I feel bad! I'm sick, I'm going to be turned inside out now! - This naked musician was screaming, while the prostitute was lying on the bed and giggling, completely not understanding what was happening.

— You are damn lousy! All your customers are devils and cannibals! Why the hell didn't you tell me right away that the forbidden fruit is a human embryo ?! Go, so that my eyes do not see you again! Get the hell out of here!

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

Immediately I left the room (This is too negative)  
 I don't understand why he was so furious?  
 I had said that our main dish is the Human Embryo! Didn't I?  
 Our chef will cook everything you want from the embryo.  
 This is an old topic, there is nothing to be surprised and ask about.  
 This delicacy came to us from distant Asia. Ah, if you knew how many people yearn to taste the embryo, then you would be seriously surprised!  
 Maybe some customers believe that the embryo prolongs life, that is, gives longevity. Others most likely believe that the embryo can improve their physical and mental abilities. Maybe yes, maybe not - I don't know. Yes, who knows what these rich people have in mind?

I personally have never tried an embryo, somehow it does not attract me, and I am a professional, I do not combine personal and work.

Well, since I already started, in conclusion I will add that such human delicacies have always existed. Nothing new. At different times, Christians, Gypsies, Aborigines, Satanists and other ethnic and religious groups were accused of this. But in our modern World, do not go to extremes. Now for a very large amount of money you can taste this delicacy. At the same time, have a good time listening to live music and in an elite setting.

Well, to hell with everyone. I have to go to work.

I went down to the main hall.

In the meantime, in the establishment everything was calm.

Ecoute-moi...

After five in the morning, no one was left in our establishment. It's empty.

Besides the Russian villain upstairs. But nothing, Candide will look after him..

Candide will deal here with everyone. I trust him. And I'm going home (And again, I threw off responsibility for another).

When I went out into the street, the fog was so thick that I thought it would be wise to stay close to the underground walls.

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

When I arrived at my apartment, it was already getting light.

I opened the plastic bag of books and saw that all books were related to Buddhist topics.

I didn't want to sleep, and reading became my sleeping pill.

I poured a little whiskey into my glass to improve the wonderful aftertaste of loneliness, and plunged into reading.

What is it?! Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look. This look. Whose is it?

Strange, I've never noticed that my apartment is just like that.

How many times have I noticed the effect of a home on character and mood. There are rooms in which you always feel like a fool; in others, on the contrary, you are always in shock. Some make you sad, even if they were bright; others for some reason amuse, despite the calm tones of the upholstery. Our eyes, like the heart, have their passions and deep antipathies. (Maybe I need just to change the situation, move to another apartment?)

Now I just want to settle in myself, but it doesn't work, and it never worked out, inside and out, the same mess.

It's time to sleep...

But, unexpectedly, my thoughts-speculations and all the nonsense were interrupted, since my not justified suspicion was broken by a telephone beep.

I did not immediately pick up the phone, but then I answered the intrusive call.

A nervous and frightened, completely slurred voice reached my ear:

— Hullo! Emmanuel! Hullo!

— Hullo?! Who is it?

— Hullo Emmanuel! It's me! Hullo?!

— Hullo?! Who - Me?

— Who am I?! And who am I? And who are you?! Did I get the right number? Hullo.

— What you said? You or Me? Hullo!

— I'll kick your ass when meeting for such jokes! Hullo!

— Hullo! I hear nothing! What ass?!

— Emmanuel, we are in the ass! Hullo!

— I don't understand what kind of ass we are talking about! Are you insane, bitch?! Hullo!

— Emmanuel we have trouble! We are in the ass! Do you hear? Hullo!

— Hullo! I hear nothing! Trouble?

— Hullo! Can you hear me?! Hullo?!

— Hullo, it's hard to hear! Hullo. What kind of trouble?

— Trouble! He is dead! Hullo!

— Who is dead?! Hullo!

— What?! Emmanuel, I can not hear you! It's me, Jensen! Hullo!

— Call back! Bad to hear! Hullo!

— To call back?! Hullo?!

— Yes, call me back! I can't hear you!

— Hullo! Ok, I'll call you back now!

— Wait a minute! I can hear you now! Speak!

— Can you hear now?! Hullo?!

— Hullo! Yes, yes, audible!

— Do you hear me well?! Hullo.

— You over-fucked me! I can hear you well! Hullo.

— I hear you too. Hullo. Can you hear now? Hullo!

— Well, why are you hulloing like a putz?! Answer, what the hell had happened?! Hullo.

— This Russian villain is dead. Hullo.

— Siberian. Hullo.

— What? Hullo?

— I say that he is from Siberia. Hullo.

— Yes, what the hell is the difference ?! He is dead! Dead! He was stoned by his damned dope and died! This villain does not move, his whole mouth is in foam, everything is in his vomit. Over!

— So calm down, Candid. Calmly. He just died. Wait a minute! Did you say Over?

Did you say Over?! You stupid putz! This is not a walkie-talkie! Hm, is he dead, then? Bad business. Very bad. Probably. Hm, are you looking at him now?

— What a dumb question ?! Over. Tfu! you fucking made me make a reservation again, forgive me for God's sake. Come urgently, come here faster. I'm waiting! Hullo.

I was very stunned (scared - my soul left in the heels) with this news.

Yes, and also this damned, poor-quality communication in the phone, as if someone was listening to us, it would be necessary to change the provider.

When I'm scared I follow my fear or try to turn it into anger. Again the illusion of free choice. On the phone, being a brave man is very simple, the main thing is not to think that on the other end things are really very, very bad, so much that it can affect you. If you take what is happening as an incorporeal voice in the receiver, you can show the miracles of courage.

— Yes, what nonsense are you muttering to yourself there?! Hullo?!

— I'm leaving right now! I'll come and deal with everything there! Over - I threw off the call.

Maybe I went too far, however, it doesn't matter. Frankly, I was not very surprised by someone's death there. And the death of this villain, I was even glad.

I got dressed and instantly went to the parking lot.

To my right, car headlights drove wet spots of light in front of them. It's cannot be determined where the sidewalk ends. I don't know where I'm going, my attention is consumed by one thing - to move with caution, feeling the ground with the toe of a shoe.

Finally, after a couple of minutes, I noticed a bluish steam of light in the distance.

A dozen light bulbs scattered the mist.

Finally, getting into the car, I pressed the gas pedal.

Driving along an empty highway, I wondered what had happened there. The two people I served died. I recalled that in Buddhism, death does not look like suffering and violence, but like a game of bright and colourful streams of energy, representing elements of the general pattern of vibrations generated by the so-called Void. Some also translate this as Fullness. That is, a certain capacity in which everything enters and from which everything exits.

Not that I would believe in it - these are not my words, another quote from a read book.

I'm still driving along the highway, there's silence around me, and the landscape is the same.

I'm still driving along the highway in my Renault Capture, the road is smooth and the motor is quiet.

Quiet. So quiet that my inner voice seems to sound outside, not inside.

Sometimes to take a big step forward, you need to take a big step back.

This is not a metaphor; we are not talking about the pursuit of ghosts. I bought "Renault Capture," because I like it. It's safe here. People with Renault know how to live, they live and do not chase their tails, usually many people buy other brands of cars, but they buy them for others, and not for themselves ...

Only at Renault can I ask myself important questions; "Who am I?" "Why am I here?"

Looking in the rearview mirror, I asked another question. "IS IT Emmanuel?"

I do not think that the reflection in the mirror characterizes me. "Why am I here?"



“Why am I driving a Renault?” Because it’s only driving a Renault that I am free and clean. “Interesting, do they serve embryos of Siamese twins in our institution?” If served, is it considered as one embryo or as two? ”

Ecoute-moi...

And here I am, arrived.

So fast, but I didn’t notice! (How fast the hell)

What was I thinking about? Damn, I forgot (It feels like I missed something)

What did I say or think? Maybe I thought out loud? (However, it doesn’t matter, next time I better concentrate on the road itself, otherwise I could get into an accident)

When I got out of the car, I rushed inside the building in a hurry.

Having passed through the empty hall, I climbed the steps, my shoe heel as if beating the funeral rhythm.

Going to door number three, I heard someone panting. I got worried.

Hoarse breath behind the door. This is not my reality. It's some kind of mistake!

I should not be here. Never mind! Calm down, Emmanuel, and just play your part!

It doesn’t matter what happens. It’s impossible to be afraid all the time, for good fear you need strength, but I didn’t have them (It's not scary - it's scary to be myself)

I went to the door with the appearance that I could decide human destinies.

I went into the third room and saw Candid sitting on a chair, he nervously smoked a cigarette, making deep puffs. He looked tortured, and he spoke barely, breathing a little, like a dying man. Candide looked at me, and in the eyes of this killing machine I saw the most ordinary human fear. (That's just his fear was transmitted to me)

The room was stuffy, so it was unbearable to stand, and everything was saturated with an alcoholic smell, which seemed to make you drunk in five minutes from this air alone.

— Why the hell it took you so long to come?

— How did this happen? - I said, nervously inspecting the room. (Damn it, it’s just a fucking jerking jacket on him. I understand that this is not the situation to discuss, but I wonder where he buys them, and how many he has, because he has different jackets every day, absolutely every day without exceptions, I see him in a new jacket and the same shoes, trousers, tie. (But all his jackets are just awesome!)

— I don’t know. When I entered, he was already dead. - said Jensen.

— Come on, tell everything in order, with the details.

— Well, I was sitting downstairs, making sure no one got into the building. This Russian villain with his inadequate buddies arranged a whole concert here! I was chasing them all over the place. I even got into a fight with one. He ran away, and I caught him and once gave him a blow into the liver. These Russians are sick people. But of course, they know how to fight. And, compared to them, I am a small, innocent intoxicated child. In general,

there was noise and din, screams and groans, and then this chick ran out, she screamed like crazy, from her screams I realized that the Russian gentleman had an overdose. Well, I went upstairs, and there was this Russian villain, already threw back his hooves, well, so I called you ...

— Siberian.

— What?

— Where is the second bastard?

— What do you mean, the second?

— There were two customers! Where is the second ?!

— Oh yes, forgive me for God's sake, he left four hours ago.

— Well, you are the bull's head! You should have controlled everything here! Bad, very bad, wait, where's the girl?

— She is in the next room, I decided to leave her there.

— Everything is clear, we'll figure it out now. Jensen, tell me, did you drink again at work?

-- Yes, but you aren't... - His fear was not caused by a corpse, he was afraid of another.

— I'll have to call the "DIRECTOR" - Candid abruptly got up from his chair.

— Don't be afraid, I'll cover you. I'll deal with everything. But this will be the last time. Go, look after the girl, and don't get into the eyes.

I took the phone out of my pocket, my hands were trembling, I frantically dialed the number. (And so it goes all my life, someone's weakness and stupidity is reflected in me). A colourless but rude voice answered me:

— I think an unforeseen situation has occurred?

— Yes sir, we have situation number two. (Or three?) I could hardly restrain the trembling in my voice.

— Remain in place, we will arrive in eleven minutes ... - The connection was cut off.

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

THEY arrived exactly eleven minutes later - five stocky guys in black suits led by the DIRECTOR himself appeared in the building, it seems they were the angels of death themselves. The "DIRECTOR" was short, narrow in his belt, walking with his hands clasped behind his back.

His broad but thin face with a rather noticeable attentive nose, the steps of this thoughtful but serious man were unhurried. "DIRECTOR" beckoned me with his hand, which was covered with a white glove.

— So-so, bad-bad, Emmanuel, "DIRECTOR" is not happy with you. - He said.

A pair of transparent pale-brown eyes stared at me critically, almost with an accusation, that is characteristic of people, who know what they want and that they cannot be refused.

I avoided the look of the "DIRECTOR".

As usual, I felt threatened, but this time the threat was special.

"DIRECTOR" gave me a slight slap in the face.

I humbly accepted the blow, while maintaining my perfect posture and holding my chin high. My muscles were as tight as possible so as not to give out trembling in my knees.

— But nothing, we'll figure it out, where are the others? - asked the "DIRECTOR"

I immediately led them to room number three.

On the way, the "DIRECTOR" ran his gloved finger along one of the wooden cornices, and looked at it: "Is that dust?" Bad, very bad. His subtle features twisted in a form of disgust.

Dead Siberian Gentleman was lying in the same position. His "rhythm" stopped forever. He shouldn't take dope! The rhythm must be natural. Probably.

"DIRECTOR" is a dead person. However, you cannot call him inanimate.

From him comes "some kind of power." Pressure, fear and something else.

— Disgusting! Guys, do it. He is just a Slavonian, we will have no problems. - said "DIRECTOR" slamming his hands, and turned sharply to me.

— So, tell me everything in detail Emmanuel, and dare not hide anything, sweetie. Jensen, was drunk again? - Said "DIRECTOR"

— No, Jensen was sober, he was clearly doing his job. You yourself understand, it's hard to restrain customers when they are insolent and throw themselves with their fists, smashing everything around. But he did everything in his power and even more. They themselves are to blame, they are drug addicts inadequate. Cameras shot everything.

— The fact that the cameras work, I know. But why did you leave your workplace so early?

— Well, I thought that, well, that's it, it's time to go home, and well, that very thing, the institution is already empty, there's nobody, well, I'll go, since there's nobody there, only Jensen is left ... - It was hard for me to speak, my tongue didn't obey. I was absorbed in my own tales, amazing images flashed before my eyes, blood rushed to my head, and I inspiredly lied, lied, lied, but basically I told the truth.

— Emmanuel, my dear boy, when you talk with me, I feel and hear that your world is shrinking, that nothing more is controlled in it. It really hurts me because of this. Now it's not you who is influencing circumstances as a true manager should be, but circumstances are affecting you. The world of this dirty, third-rate Slav fell apart. His form fell apart. His world has disappeared. Do you understand IT? - said "DIRECTOR". During the conversation, the "DIRECTOR" looked at me, turned to me, but at the same time there was a certain discrepancy, it is difficult to formulate exactly in what. It seemed that he turned to me with his ears, not his eyes, his sight instead of focusing on me, looking and grabbing the visible in the usual way, it suddenly fixed on my moustache or nose.

— Emmanuelle, my dear boy, I hope we understood each other, you are free ...

I hurried back home, hurriedly left the underground, went into the parking lot, and somewhere else, after which I started the car and rushed out of this place as quickly as possible.

...Parole-Parole-Parole...

When I returned, I closed the door behind me, checking the locks three times.

The feeling that they were watching me was stronger than ever.

I want only one thing - to collapse into bed, not to see or hear anything.

And, most important - not to think about anything. Recollecting today's incident, I tremble. Still, I had enough impressions.

The futility of my days horrifies me, and I want to scream in helpless rage in the hopeless inevitable continuation of seconds, days, years.

So tired of everything! It's like a small piece of me dying with every death.

Before going to bed, I drank a few dozen grams of Irish whiskey. I like to drink something strong before going to bed. And to smoke. Don't get it wrong, I'm independent of alcohol or cigarettes. I believe that alcohol in small doses is harmless in any quantities.

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A couple more days passed. Nothing happened.

Unless, on my street, I often noticed an eccentric in a dark brown coat and kept myself aware. Time, as usual, was running out. I worked and read everything. And worked again. The quiet rumble of time all passed by, and I was dying, living dying.

I think that I lose time when I don't act quickly, but I also don't know what to do with the time I won, except to waste it.

In a short time I read all the books that I bought in a store from an androgynous seller, in his mysterious store. These were mainly books on Asian philosophy.

There were many books about reincarnation, several books of the Dalai Lama, and something else.

But only recently, I noticed in myself that I hate reading.

And September disappeared. And then there was October, November and December.

Winter came. Then spring. Rains all watered my heart with their hum.

And the circle of life was turning, and every day I was dying, dying and dying.

I was dying from the inside, as if some kind of black mold was growing in me.

For what? For what, I don't understand how.

And then it came again, autumn. (Ah, well, yes, I forgot - Summer?).

«THIS: tells me that I am ALL»

«Mind: tells me I'm NOTHING»

«Between them flows my life»

## **LIFE**

Hot.

Even abnormally hot for the end of September (Unless, of course, it is September).

A year has passed. And although no, wait, not a year, a year has not passed yet, about eleven months or so has passed? I have long lost track of time - maybe this is for the best.

All this time, I was encrypted, pretend that I know that they are watching me.

I am; lived as lived, existed as I could.

What was, is now, and what will be, has been already.

All year I'm returning to an empty apartment, sometimes I cry about this.

Can existence be called life? Existence; so what does that actually mean? - exist in better conditions?

The past has become part of my future. The present is completely uncontrollable.

And this is my new life? This monotonous change of days and hours?

Those changes that seem to come with the flowing of time are essentially not changes: only my view on things is changing. And what happiness am I waiting for in this world?

Life always distracts my attention: and I do not even have time to notice what it is distracting me from. It all seems to me that indigestion torments me, that I am anxiously sleeping and will wake up soon. Even physical pain, instead of increasing my anguish, only distracts me from it. (What is called the cause of life is also an excellent cause of death).

Yeah! Recently, I don't understand at all whether I'm in the ass or the seventh heaven.

Aren't my insoluble problems appear only because I think of them, and am I creating them again at the moment when I remember about them?

Vegetative crisis, overtook me again. I felt it, barely waking up today. True, when my thought worked more clearly, I doubted that I was generally aware what day of the week it is. In the end, it is possible that something was wrong not with me, but with the rest of the World, although I do not understand what exactly ...

What, the hell, time is it?

It's time to get up.

How do I want to sleep. (Sleeping does not save you if your soul is tired)

What? What?! - hell, I overslept!

But it's nothing, I still have time to be in time. I'll figure it out now!

Having put on my everyday fashionable outfit, I pulled on the shoes first, and then slipped my legs into the sleeves instead of trousers and made some other mistakes of the same kind, as often happens with those who are forced to dress in a hurry and cannot immediately recover after awakening.

Pulling myself together, I still dressed like a man and put on my happy leather belt, FILSON is a reliable belt, I don't understand how many people don't put on the belt, I always feel uneasy when the belt is not tightened.

Leaving the apartment in a hurry, I noticed that a police car was parked on the side of the road, in which two policemen were sitting (bad sign).

I headed to the parking lot, and getting into the car, I decided to lead everyone off the track, I drove along the streets, made a couple of circles, just in case, to confuse the chase. (I was not confusing them for a long time so as not to waste fuel, saving first of all.)

Having made circles, I was sure that I had knocked everyone off my trail - and even myself.

All the way I was only thinking about one thing: "Where can I buy suspenders for socks?"

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

I reached the underground without incident.

Strange, this track somehow differs from the past, and in general, I have the feeling that every path that leads underground is literally different - ha, well, what nonsense, it makes you laugh, but where did the turn go?

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

There were surprisingly many visitors underground.

Hell! How is it so?! Today is as if everyone had gone mad, why the hell was the underground clogged with visitors at such an early time?

Suddenly, one of the visitors shouted to me: "Waiter." "Ah, but I'm not a waiter."

I instantly called a real waiter and ordered to serve the client.

And now, again, one of the guests mistook me for a waiter (There are no waiters nearby, damn it). I can't refuse, it's too rude (This is not professional, the client should not wait).

— What do you want, madame?

— Deign to bring me a bottle of Cheval Blanc 47.

— 1947 Cheval Blanc? You have a great taste, madam. I'll bring it now.

I immediately went to the kitchen and opened the cellar.

Having walked past a huge stove a human height high, I went down to get a bottle of wine, and after two minutes I opened it to a client.

While I was pouring a drink, I asked with interest:

— Your face is familiar to me, we have not met before, Madame?

— Well, I immediately knew you from afar. Freak. Not a pleasant meeting, is it?

— You?! You are the seller from a long-forgotten bookstore! What the hell are you doing here?! This place is not for all mortals! Who the hell are you? Why the hell are you dressed here like a clown?! Yes, it can immediately be seen that you are a man! A man in a women's dress and with a clown makeup on his face!

— So, firstly, do not be rude to me, freak, and secondly, I have many of my bookstores around the world, and I live wherever I want, now I'm here, tomorrow in another place, as free as a bird.

— Well, there's nothing to be done! The customer is always right, madame! I dare to assume Madame, did you visit our establishment in order to taste our main delicacy?

— You're a freak, you mean the Forbidden Fruit? Yes, it is for this reason that I am here now. That's just interesting, why is such a mysterious name - the Forbidden Fruit?

Wasn't it easier to call everything by its name? And it is so strange that we eat souls that didn't have time to dress properly in leather clothes ...

— "Forbidden Fruit" I won't bother you, and I'll immediately say that many of our customers call our main dish like that, in fact, it is written so in the menu itself.

To be honest, I still have no idea why it is written down so. I am not authorized to influence the menu, this is not my responsibility.

The menu was a foregone conclusion, long before my appearance in this institution. All children are prepared by our cooks with love. With such love that their parents would still not be able to give them. Thanks to our institution, and the ability of professional chefs, their death will not be in vain. They will receive their love and care. They will give an unforgettable taste to our customers, thereby giving love to other people. The cycle of love, that love that no one else is able to give and receive from them. Perhaps all these children were even lucky, because although they were dead, they found their place in the world. If all these kids only knew what they owe to our establishment.

Blessed is he who was not born at all.

— Is there freedom in the menu? After all, the basis of any menu is awakening, isn't it?

— I don't know. For the first time I come across a similar question.

However! If you are a gourmet of a slightly different type, then you can order delicacies from other rare animals such as sika deer, zeren, lemur, green turtle, and someone else, in general, any creature you can imagine. But, in no case, do not think that our institution is limited only by gastronomic services.

We also have bedrooms with a luxurious interior and beautiful views. If you need escort services, you have at your disposal any boys and girls who are ready to fulfill your most intimate and perverted dreams. Most of them are former models who were just unlucky in the modeling business.

— Original. I wonder how the embryo is prepared? Or is it the secret of the chef?

— No secrets from customers, Madame. I know a little, so I'll call the assistant chef now. He will tell you everything. And there he goes. Alfred! Come, please! As soon as this cripple came to us, I politely asked him to tell everything he knows about the preparation of our main delicacy.

— Alfred, dear, be kind, briefly tell us how you cook it with our chefs in the kitchen, our main ingredient - the forbidden fruit.

— Yes, of course, as you say. By the way, call me Yuri. So, cooking for me is always a great honor! The human embryo itself consists of countless ingredients and their individual combinations make them completely unique.

There is no identical embryo to taste, and this makes them so valuable. An embryo is just expensive meat. The embryo itself fits in the palm of your hand.

It's served a little hot, some come with rice or pilaf. The garnish changes countlessly at the request of the client. But this is a snack, the main thing is Embryo himself.

We have not only embryos. Still, there is baby. Don't be scared, I'll explain everything to you now. When a woman has a miscarriage, they bring him to us. Well, or when a woman has an abortion at a late stage. Such embryos reach a length of twenty-five to thirty centimeters. And they are served only in broth.

— Broth? Did you mean soup?

— Broth.

— My dear boy, this is called soup.

— This is the broth, madame.

— Honey, amuse me and say this word one more time.

— B\_R\_O\_T\_H

— Ha ha! He said it again! It's called soup, boy.

— Well, alright, let it be soup, the customer is always right. Yuri, go on, don't get distracted.

— As you wish. Embryos that reach a length of twenty-five to thirty centimetres are served only in broth. All embryos are boiled until the bones soften, although this can hardly be called bones. If you do not spare money, then our chefs will prepare your own individual dish, which you yourself will invent. Many female clients also order placenta.

Considered that it is useful for hormones and something else. As they say, all for your money. And it is precisely for the money unsuccessful mothers sell their children, children who have not yet found life. I am not aware of the delivery of Embryos. All I know is what Monsieur Monsard told me. I forgot to specify the statute of limitations. Any embryo can stay at sub-zero temperatures for only two, maximum three weeks. Later, it is no good. Therefore, all orders are usually contractual. And when a visitor comes to us for Embryo, he usually has already paid a large sum of money to its mother, the doctor and our institution. Everything is agreed. But in case of sudden orders, we always have two, three Embryos of different types in stock, just in case. If, however, there are no visitors, and the expiration date runs out, we will have to throw them away. But I recall that one day the Embryo, still alive, arrived in the kitchen, it did not move but breathed. I then had a very strange, indescribable feeling. To kill an embryo, in order to start preparing it, you need to immerse the creature or, as you like, the embryo in a container with alcohol. Alcohol quickly kills the embryo, as well as all the harmful microbes. Ten seconds is enough. After the embryo is



euthanized, a small incision must be made in order to bleed. Then the embryo is cleaned and dried, and immediately placed in the freezer at a barely cold temperature, so that it does not freeze. And it is there that he will wait for his fate. The skin and bones become a little blackened - this is a side effect of cooking. Basically, everyone orders a small embryo, and the smaller its size, the more pleasant and appetizing it looks.

At least that's what customers think, and the customer's opinion is the law for us. But everyone has their own tastes and preferences. Our institution tries to individually approach each client. - Alfred spoke with pompous enthusiasm, and I had to stop him.

Well, a similar conversation about our main dish, the forbidden fruit, does not occur in my experience for the first time. Many are interested in this.

So why is everyone silent, and why is he standing here ...

— Yuri, why are you standing, you're free, go where you were going.

— It was very informative. But it feels like I'm not the first visitor who is interested in such a question. He told all this as if from a memorized text or script.

— You are absolutely right, you are not our first client who is interested in our menu.

Our employees prepare before answering questions of our dear customers and answer according to the scenario. Except me. I'm a manager. I have my own individual script.

— We all live the script of our own lives, freak. We are all authors of our own script. The scenario, this psychological force, the energy that pulls a person to his fate, does not matter whether he resists it or considers it his free choice. This is energy, it is creativity itself.

— Madame, unfortunately I have to go, other clients are already waiting.

— Yeah, just remember to bring me the forbidden fruit, freak. I've heard enough and suddenly got hungry. Or did the wine hit my head?

— Still, decided to order the forbidden fruit? I see you are a man of inspiration, madame. I will transfer your order, and it will be brought to you soon.

— Inspiration? Ha, no, no. Honey, everything that you know or heard about "inspiration" is utter nonsense! Inspiration is a rare case. Very rare. For some reason, everyone thinks that it is coming. But inspiration is obtained through hard work. It's like appetite that is coming when you are eating.

— Clear. I have to go, the rest of the customers are waiting, it was nice to chat with you ...

— You've just lied. You just play the role, the role of a waiter.

— Manager! I am the manager of this institution.

— Well, actually the difference is not that big. Alright, freak, I'd like to ask you something, if, of course, you can do it.

— I am completely at your disposal, Madame.

— By the way, my name is Milarepa Monroe. You can just call me Monroe. And by the way, is it possible to ask the musicians not to play? Nothing at all. This neoclassic is straightly annoying me.

— And you can call me Emmanuel. Regarding music, unfortunately, this is not possible, madame.

— Ah, what a pity. But nothing can be done. Or maybe they will start playing classics?

— Alas, this is impossible. Our orchestra has its own music program. But, I'll try to get into your position and ask them to play something from the classics.

— Maybe Beethoven?

— Beethoven?

— Don't you love Beethoven ?! Oh, you don't know how much you lose. These overtures give the listener just crazy energy. It is such a force. But after the overture, to be honest, the performance becomes, as a rule, tedious. Surely you love Mozart more! I adore him too. You know, Mozart was an Austrian, but his hand is too light to work on the keys, so I prefer heavy artillery. If you know what I mean?

— Mozart? Well, okay, it's good.

— You are so understanding, that I already want to hang myself.

— I am not authorized to push the musicians around, it's hard for them. After all, I have already said that all music adheres to a strict pre-planned program.

— Listen, you are a very unusual person. Well, damn you, walk, boy. Wait, I changed my mind, I'd better order a salad, so as this Forbidden Fruit is not for me, I don't have any aesthetic taste and generally it's somehow abnormal to eat, I'll just have a salad.

Ecoute-moi...

Finally, this damn working day came to an end (I'm so tired).

I, as usual, left the underground the last.

But, suddenly Candide came in front of me. (Apparently, he was also about to leave).

— Finally, this damn day is over!

— Did you mean the night is over?

— It does not matter! Got to get up early tomorrow, I must again appear in the court. Can we have a drink, Emmanuel? (At that moment, the feeling of *deja vu* began to play again)

— No-o. I do not drink. I am leading a healthy lifestyle now. Oh, do you have a new jacket today?

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

And so; I am sitting in the kitchen with my friend Candide, one of the friends whom everyone habitually calls friends, although, of course, we are not friends, but just people working in the same institution and nothing more. Probably.

Stop stop! Damn it, how did it happen ?! (Why the hell did I agree?)

— Emmanuel, my friend, thank you for always helping me out.

I took a couple of sips and drank it all to the bottom.

I completely emptied Candid's magical flask, and apparently this time there was adequate alcohol in the flask, not absolute alcohol.

— Gosh, your flask is empty. Sorry, somehow I didn't calculate it.

— Yes, don't worry. I have one more! I always take in reserve, well, anything can happen at work.

Candide took a second flask from his inner pocket and sipped from it, handing it to me, saying in a hoarse voice. - Here you go, man ...

— I do not drink at all. But today I can relax. I'll allow it myself only today.

I am a model of uncertainty. When I say that I don't drink, this is obviously not true, but when I say that I drink, it can also be a pure lie.

As always, at such moments, Candide has a desire to tell me something very important. Candide leans close to my ear - so that I begin to smell from his mouth alcohol, pasta with tomatoes and cigarette smoke mixed with the stink of caries.

I try to pull away a little, but this drunken fool moves again and in a whisper, which can be heard on the street, offers me to drink again.

— This is all for fun. I only drink with you. Not to drink alone, do I?.

— You say the thing. Although, it's no booze at all. It's a cheap whiskey that is common for everyday's use, it's not expensive specimens that we have in the cellar that we absolutely cannot touch. It's from cheap and dusty, not from expensive and clean.

— Unfortunately you're right.

— Fuck your mother!

— What's wrong?

— The flask is empty! But I want more.

— I want more too!

Both of us seemed to be under the rule of higher alcoholic forces. And these forces ruled us. They give orders to us. We knew what to do! I don't know how about Candide, but for the first time in my life I know what to do. I have to do what I must. What I can!

We stood up like two robots, like two soldiers. We headed to the cellar with a purpose, with a clear goal (Although everything around was not concrete and not at all clear).

Candide and I went down to the cellar.

We opened two bottles of whiskey and drank greedily from the throat.

Each had his own bottle, his own power, his own pain, his own happiness, his own illusion.

Anyway, no one will notice, this damn cellar is literally packed with booze!

— Well, now we'll get drunk like hell!

— We will drink until we lose our pulse!

Of course, my behaviour is irresponsible. But if the hour of drinking has struck, it is not only pointless, but it is also impermissible and even shameful to try to postpone this hour.

In my eyes everything floated, to be more clear, (which in this case is impossible in my eyes), my firm gaze completely disappeared.

— We got drunk like hell!

— We got drunk like the baddest devils!

— I always wanted to tell you that I admire your cardigans! How many do you have? Ten, twenty, one hundred, two hundred? How much, how do you pick them?!

- You are driving today?
- Who! I'm all good. I love clothes.
- We need to drop to the store. There is one nearby, working twenty-four hours. It seems to be a gas station. How much did you drink?
- I do not know. Almost the whole bottle. Or less.
- Me too, about the same. Okay, let's go, we'll buy the cheapest whiskey and pour it into these bottles. But we will drink it to the bottom! We deserve it! We are cool.
- Come to the bottom!
- You say the thing. Well, let's go already! Come on, come on. Faster Faster.

Ecoute-

moi...

After a couple of minutes; I with my bald father hardly climbed the stairs.

Having sorted out and resolving issues, we finally got to my Renault Capture car. I got into the car, I barely started, but as soon as I pressed the gentle pedal of my Renault, I seemed to sober up like a glass.

We did not drive for long, a gas station with a store really was located nearby.

Because my tank is full. Our mission will not take long.

Although I always did not like gas stations. They are dirty and smelly. It is time for humanity to abandon gasoline, it's long since there is no need of using it. It's time to switch to electric cars, to hell with gasoline. So I'm thinking of switching to the electric "Ralph" (The future is with electric cars). We are destroying our Earth and our health, both external and internal. Humanity does not stand still, it is constantly developing. But this development does not always benefit nature. Every year, our atmosphere is polluted with a variety of industrial wastes and chemicals. Over the past century, the air has become much dirtier, the number of diseases associated with it has increased, and just breathing has become harder.

— Emmanuel! Well, why are we standing? It's time! Stop muttering nonsense under your breath and let's go.

Leaving the car, we headed to the store.

It was cool outside, Candide nervously, with an irritated gesture raised the collar of his battered jacket.

Entering the store, Candide hit a bell that hung above the door with his head.

Suddenly, I decided spontaneously to buy myself an ice cream. Why not? I deserved this!

Recently, I have become too unpredictable. Probably.

So what the hell to buy? So-so, but what is this?

— Hey Candide, what about ice cream ?!

— O-o, Yes.

— What will you say about this? Three in one: "Three kinds of chocolate!"

"Milk Ice Cream!" "Crispy Waffle!"

— Oh, yeah, let's take it.

- Is it so simple with you? Did their marketing work? We can choose.
- Listen to me buddy! Don't annoy me, just take three in one.

Going to the checkout, I bought a pack of cigarettes and paid for ice cream.

But suddenly the cashier, for reasons I did not understand, began to talk with me.

— Have you heard about the terrorist attack? It happened a couple of hours ago. They say that the police and they are shooting.

— No, I have not heard. But what is there?

— They've become so insolent to make at such a time terrorist attacks. I would catch them, beat them up, took off their clothes, put them to the wall and raped them all. - muttered Jensen.

— According to the news, some terrorists captured the Dolphinarium and took everyone who was inside hostage. They say they demand that all dolphins in the country are released from the dolphinariums or they will begin to kill hostages.

— Ah, how it is scary to live. In principle, it was always scary. Well, okay, we have to go. Let's go.

We got back in the car. And immediately opened the ice cream.

— Ice cream is just awesome. Well, what can you say? So cool. In general, I rarely eat ice cream, well, today is a special day, isn't it? I remember how my father always scolded me when I was still a small hooligan so that I would not spoil my teeth and lean on sweets. But I love ice cream. Yes, definitely, I like ice cream. Do you like ice cream, Jensen? Hey! Well, why are you silent? Let's talk. Tell me again that gummy story when you were at the base on Sakhalin Island. Jensen was silent, turning away from me, and looked out the window, sadly, detached, looking into the distance.

— Emmanuel, please be quiet and just steer.

— What, to shut up? What does your "shut up" mean?!

— That means this! Just shut up, and drive that damn car.

— Ah well?! Keep quiet ?! Okay, I'll be silent! I'll shut up! When it is about drinking - you call me a friend, but when it is about talking - immediately shut up!

— Well, why are you whining like a chick ?! Just shut up and drive.

— To be silent? Keep quiet ?! I want to talk! I want to talk, I want! I want to talk, and he is silent, bitch! Why are you silent! I want to talk! I want to hear a live voice! And you, bitch, are silent! Why are you silent? I want to talk!

— Want to hear a voice, just turn on the radio and drive that damn car silently.

— Radio? Silently? Well let it be your way, you do not want to talk to me, I will turn on this damn radio! I'll turn it on now! Right now! No, I won't turn on the radio! I will drive and be silent! And I won't say anything! In silence! Like a dead man! Still, I thought to take ice cream with liquor or whiskey, but because of you I bought this ice cream, and, in general, why did I buy ice cream, I always hated ice cream, I had to buy a bar of milk chocolate, I won't listen to you anymore.

Suddenly, I hit the brakes sharply.

Since the highway was empty, and it was not dangerous.

I turned around and drove back to that damn gas station.

— Man, what the hell are you doing?!

— Wow! Do you still speak? But how so ?! Man, we forgot to buy this whiskey!

— Ah, well, yes, for sure! I forgot about it, damn it.

And again we returned to the gas station.

Entering the store again, Candide again touched the doorbell with a huge head.

I bought two bottles of the cheapest whiskey and was paying for it at the checkout.

— Do you make coffee? - asked Jensen at the checkout.

— Yes, I do. What kind of coffee you do you want?

— Wait a minute! What kind of coffee machine do you have?

— Well, I don't understand in that. Well, it seems like a good coffee machine, standard.

— No. I changed my mind. No coffee needed. Come, Emmanuelle, there is lousy coffee here.

Ones I was in Turkey in the service, then we had exercises, I served in the airborne troops. After several parachute jumps, only I and the sky remained. But not for long. Yes, nostalgia. In Turkey the coffee is real, so fresh and natural, that it even reminds somehow alcohol ...

— Airborne troops? You said you were a sniper! Or not? Okay, let's go already, we have things to do, damn it.

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

After a couple of minutes, we finally returned to the underground.

Although, in truth, Jensen has been ranting about Turkish coffee all the way and how cool it is, I pretended to be curiously interested.

We went down to the cellar again.

But we still had bottles of elite booze, it's not worthy to mix them. It would be necessary to empty the elite bottles to pour cheap shit into them.

— Well, let's drink, buddy. Let's got drunk, damn it!

— Let's finish things to the end with a pure soul!

— Oh yes! Whiskey is go-o-od, of course.

We got drunk hard again.

How does this elite thing intoxicate! (I wonder how much percent of alcohol is there?)

— Once, in the past, I was on a mission. We captured the Somali pirates, tied up them all. There was one kid. He did not want to go to jail. And I did not want to be alone at night at the post. Then I went into the cell and twisted him into a ram's horn. Poor guy. You see, Emmanuelle, everyone was born in this World for some great cause. Even me. I just have no idea for which one. I came into this world not to copy someone.

— What did you do with the guy?

— Listen to me! - Shouted Jensen, he became very aggressive. - Remember Emmanuel. Never mess with women! They will squeeze all the juices out of

you. Destroy your dignity. They say: "When a woman falls in love, she blooms."

The way it is. But only few people know that it blooms at someone else's expense. A woman is blooming, and a man is wilting. That is the truth, buddy! The expression "to be together in sorrow and joy" spreads in the minds of women, apparently "only in joy." Women do not stand up with a man is in sorrow.

— What nonsense are you talking about? I'm tired of listening to your speculations of a woman hater!

I myself am becoming a woman hater because of you! You better answer my question: "What have you done to that guy?"

— Okay, I'm hungry. Let's go up to the kitchen and look for something tasty.

— What the hell did you do to that guy?!

— What is this noise?! Did you hear that sound? Someone is coming. - Jensen says startledly.

— Come on, without this hell! Just not again! Your wife is not here! - My God, my God, again these are his seizures offended by fate. Well, of course, I understand that we are all people and everyone has their own oddities, but he's already made me sick.

— But, we are in the cellar! It just can't be.

— It's a draft damn it! By the way, did you turn in your gun?

Suddenly I heard footsteps. Someone really began to descend into the cellar.

An inexplicable fear took hold of me, and my stomach began to literally tickle, something tickled me from the inside. Probably.

— You are two devils! What the hell are you doing here?!

— We got drunk here. What about you?

What is Monsar doing here? Well, now he will report us.

— Are you fucken idiots?!

— Calm down, Monsar! Why are you getting excited? Just have a drink with us and relax. - Barely said Jensen.

— Ah, you irresponsible devils, did you drink hard?

— Yes, we got drunk hard, monsieur. - Proudly said Jensen.

— Can you even imagine how much these bottles cost ?! - shouted Monsar.

— Yes, calm down, do not get excited, because no one will know. Yes, there are hundreds of these bottles.

We have thought through everything, we have an action plan, everything is clear ...

— Let me guess your plan! You are two hecks, got very drunk, and a brilliant idea occurred to you; to go to the nearest gas station, as there is a store there that works twenty-four hours. There you bought the cheapest booze and poured it into expensive empty bottles and assume that you spent it all and no one would even notice.

— E-e-m, yes...

— You're a lousy and bald devil!

— I'm not bald! I shave my head. I shave it for so long that I no longer remember - bald am I or not.

— How dare you drink, you are responsible for order and security! And now you are standing here as bugger as a dog!

They were looking at each other, and the battle of glances began.

I was silent and did not intervene. Because I'm scared of Monsar. Yes, and he always did not like me. I will leave everything to Candid; he knows how to carry on a dialogue. Probably.

— You devil, you won't pay for these bottles for your entire worthless life! And you, boy! What are you?!

— What about me? - I barely said.

— What about you?!

— What Me?

— You should have kept order. This is your job. It's all your fault!

— Quiet. Calm. Please forgive me. I'm sorry. But, I'm not to blame for anything.

— What ?! What does it mean "not guilty of anything" ?! You are guilty!

— I got it, got it. I'm sorry. Please forgive me. But, I'm not to blame for anything.

— Are you witty? Are you very witty ?! Are you witty ?! Well, alright, this bumper, he has the same IQ as a down! But, you, the manager! How dare you drink?!

— Yes, I know that I am a manager, probably - I muttered reluctantly.

— Do you know ?!

— I know.

— What do you know?

— What I need to know. - I answered sadly, because in this case I knew it.

I approached Monsar without fear and regret. I literally went up to him and again repeated.

— I know a-a-absolutely everything. - I said, patting Monsar on the shoulder.

— The working day is over! Let's relax! - Shouted Jensen, taking off his jacket, he muttered something and casually walked in my direction.

— Emmanuel, hold my jacket, I'll figure it out now. - Jensen threw the jacket in my face, so much so that it hung on my drunken head. Suddenly, a leathery smell of a jacket hit me in my nose, a tart smell of cologne, and I was overcome by such a terrible thirst that I was ready to lick all of its cologne from this leather jacket. Taking off Jensen's jacket from my face, I watched a quarrel.

— In short, don't annoy me, Monsar! We will drink, and you will not stop us. Got it ?! You won't do anything to us, you can't do anything to us. - Jensen said, and immediately received a parental slap from Monsar. And then the same slap at the back of his head.

And now I'm already watching how Jensen begins to give up and lose his sight.

Candide is about to bake. But Monsar kept on scolding us;

- I will report everything to the authorities! You had no right to open these bottles, damn it! - exclaimed Monsar.

— You know, Monsieur Monsar, in my opinion, that sounds too ambitious. - answered I.

— You drink to hell out here.

— Yes, we drink! We are drinking to hell. Hell yes! Most willingly, I would drink to death, having lived a long and happy life, than not to drink at all. - I declared.

— Ohh-y-e-s. - whispered Jensen.

— You both reason like children, like little foolish children. My head is already cracking from your alcoholic delirium!



— Ah, Monsieur Monsar, I know, I know very well that it is impossible, especially in my case, to live happily ever after, continuing to drink. But how can you live happily ever after, if you don't drink?

— Y-e-e-s. - Jensen whispered again.

Actually, I like to talk to Monsar like that, although, in truth, for the first time I have been talking with him for so long face to face.

— Stop muttering under your breath and talk to yourself! - exclaimed Monsar.

Monsar continued to make intelligent, smooth and convincing speeches worthy of a true chef. I zealously gave out vulgar paradoxes, as if to visually prove that some of the cells in my brain had died out and that inactive connective tissue was taking their place.

— How can one live happily ever after, if one does not plump ?! - exclaimed I.

I uttered this idiotic phrase, smiling mockingly, and I immediately had the desire to spit directly into my corrupted by alcohol spirit soul.

— I suppose you two are not for the first time drink in the institution, quietly, stealing booze?

— I don't know, "I answered and continued," I don't know, or rather, I have a thousand answers.

I will not call one true, but each has a grain of truth. And still, it cannot be said that in total one big truth turns out, pure truth. I drink because I drink. Drink, because I like to drink. I drink because I'm scared. I drink, because genetically predisposed to this. All my ancestors drank! Great-grandfathers and grandfathers drank, father drank, and mother drank! I have neither sisters nor brothers, but I'm sure if I had them, every single one and brothers and sisters would have drink too! I drink because I have a weak character! I drink because I'm a latent homosexual! I drink because I'm nervous and I want to calm my nerves! I drink because I'm sad and I want to amuse my soul! I drink because I'm looking in vain for love? I drink because I'm afraid to seem strange to everyone! I drink because I am scared to live, and I don't know how I can live and what to do in life! I drink because I have panic attacks on my sober head! I drink when I drink the first bottle and I drink when I drink the last bottle. And then, again and again, I open a new bottle and drink from the throat like the last son of a bitch!

— Wait a minute! But in general, are there times when you do not drink? - Monsar asked with obvious annoyance.

— Perhaps I don't drink when I'm so drunk that I don't have the strength to drink. Although, frankly, there are always forces to continue to drink. And I do not drink when I sleep drunkenly, although, as you know, maybe then I also drink. Perhaps I drink in a dream and in reality.

— Listen, maybe you just need to be treated? Okay, both of you are making me sick. Let's get out of here, and I'll pretend that nothing happened. I'm not going to waste my time on you two devils. Let's get apart now.

— How can one live happily ever after, if one does not drink?! - I exclaimed and fell to the floor.

I screamed, jerked my limbs, I was licking Monsar's boots. I howled without hearing my own howl.

— Well, let us stay! Oh please! Well, let us stay !! Nobody will know! Oh please! Well, that's worth it! You do not understand! I need that!

I no longer feel ... - how would I say this? Held ... what seemed to me and seems to have strengthened me so far - awareness of my existence, understanding of my almost significance, sense of involvement, feeling of immersion in the World; it all starts to leave me, it all disappears.

— Hey?! Why are you... ?! Candid, what's wrong with him?!

— Emmanuel! Calm down! Can you hear me?!

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

Sounds, shouts, echo, as if I'm moving away into the depths of a cold, quiet and very lonely depth.

Wet ... - why is it so wet and smells of damp?

Cold ... - damn too cold.

My head is spinning, but as soon as I opened my eyelids, only one question worried me, although in fact it didn't really worry me; Where I am?

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

— Emmanuel. Can you hear me? Respond for god's sake!

— Calm, calm. Quiet. Calm. Where I am?

— Monsar and I hardly twisted you and dragged you into the kitchen and poured a bucket of water on you.

— Yes, you kid are crazy at all. Do not know how to drink, do not drink! How do you feel?

— OK, sort of. Apparently I went through the line. Well, I deeply regret giving you trouble. I'll go home. Probably.

Is Monsar worried about me?

I got up from the cold floor. Shook off. But it did not help.

Damn it, I don't remember how I ended up here, in my memory is a black hole.

While I was leaving, I heard Monsar whispering with Candide.

— Bastard boy. Candide, fuck your mother, you should have been watching him.

— I myself almost made shit in my pants when he fell to the floor and screeched. But nothing, he is a normal guy, everything will be fine with him. Still young.

— The bosses will blow our heads for this, yours and mine. You know, these people do not forgive mistakes, they do not forgive. I hope you turned off the security cameras while you were drinking, I do not need problems.

— Of course. Ruslan turned them off a long time ago when he took office.

— Wait a minute. Who the hell is Ruslan?

Ecoute-moi...

Leaving the underground and finding myself on the street, I felt a chill. I lift my jacket collar, light a cigarette and stupidly stare into the morning, trying to figure out where my car is? It seems to me or did this night change the three of us? It brought the three of us together...

Parole... ... Parole-Parole-

Having solved the problem, I drove to my house, but suddenly I felt the urge to walk. Just to wander, walk around. To breathe in the air (Nothing special).

You need to stretch yourself, after all! Especially after such a booze.

I left the car in the parking lot and walked along a narrow street.

It was already dawn (Something makes me sick.)

I was still wandering around the vague, material world. Passers-by rarely came across to me.

The dull, gloomy street was almost at my full disposal.

I'm just a body driven by the wind. (My pants and vest are still wet, I'm cold).

Walking along one of the streets flooded with the red light of the rising sun, I suddenly noticed that my soul was easy and calm, and the further I go, the calmer and easier it becomes. In these streets I often wandered for hours so as not to return to an empty apartment. To the place where I don't feel at home. But wherever I go, I feel out of place.

At this minute, time seemed to stop; light is burning, only in a few display cases, but not yet so bright for the heart to have fun. Light doesn't merge with darkness, but I can't overcome IT.

No matter where I went, I saw dirty tobacco stalls, long, gray fences, from which torn billboards were hanging in rags. My gaze came across one of them:

"Psychological help, call anytime. The best specialists, at your expense ".

This word - psychological.

It inspired me with many memories of the past.

I tore off a small piece of paper with a number.

After wandering a little more, I returned home.

In my apartment, the curtains are often closed. (Not that I am afraid, just in case, safety, first of all). Sometimes it seems to me that someone is watching me. And even when I'm alone in the apartment, I feel that someone is looking at me. Looking from above. And now this feeling again. (The feeling that someone was already in my apartment, this someone left an energy trace of his presence).

It's six in the morning. (Or half-past five?)

I decided to call the number that was written on the ad I had torn off.

It's somehow strange. Embarrassing. Probably.

Before making a call, I have to rehearse my line, because I can forget why I'm calling, because I have no idea why I'm calling. And I'm scared, I'm confused. Probably. Beeps. What strange beeps.

— Hallo?

— Hello, you dialed a psychiatric emergency hotline number. If you are concerned about impulsiveness and obsession, please repeatedly press "1". If you suffer from a split personality, please click: "2" and "3". If you have a sexual disorder, enter the combination: "69". If you have a nervous breakdown, tap your phone until you hear the operator's voice. If you are depressed and just want to talk with someone, then dial the following three numbers: "6" 6 "6" If you are worried about voices in your head, let them tell you which dial to use. If you have amnesia, call back later.

I've waited for ten minutes, and all this time I did just that, listening to a lousy boring melody in the receiver. Hell! Nobody is answering. Okay, then I'll dial: "6" 6 "6"

— Ola. Psychological help. I'm Margaret, listening to you.

— Hullo. How do you do? Well, I would not say that I have a problem. I called, just because I'm bored, and too often I feel that I'm missing someone I've never met ...

— Well, you are such a freak.

— What? Hullo? You are hard to hear.

— Ola. I say that loneliness is normal. Everyone is lonely. But do not ignore your own Soul. Alcohol abuse is bad. Let me know your name?

We talked with her for about an hour. (Or half an hour?)

A strange feeling is to talk to someone and share your thoughts.

I'll be honest, I really felt better.

This girl offered me to buy a pet - a cat or a dog. Of course, I refused, but as soon as I did this, she offered to buy me a house plant. But, all the same, I liked our conversation.

Just as if I'm in a humiliating way in love with her mysterious voice.

I wonder what Margaret is like in life. How does she look? How does her voice sound outside the phone? I really want to just talk to someone heart to heart. To talk all night long. To look together at the night sky, discuss something violently, argue and be silent. But then I interrupted my thoughts, for they led me too far, led to the area that I did not want to touch.

Leaving these empty speculations, I decided to lie down and to forget myself in sleep.

Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look. This look. Whose is it?

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I was lying on my bed, my eyes opened. I kind of had a very, very strange dream.

I don't remember what exactly. Something very strange, it's not the fact that it was a nightmare.

Because of my sleepy memory, I have a feeling throughout my body of unusual lightness.

Why are tears pouring from my eyes? The pillow is wet. (Or is it just drooling?)

Damn morning. More precisely, the day. By the way, and what the hell is the day today?

How my head hurts. This is the metabolism of taxa. Probably.

What would I occupy myself with today?

It somehow smells sweat bad from me ... or not?

Maybe it stinks in my apartment? (It is difficult to imagine a stronger sign of everyday life than the usual smell of one's own).

As Margaret said, that same girl from psychological support, it is surprising that she remained in my memory. She said: "Harmony in a house begins with small things."

What am I about? About the fact that I've bought a home plant!

I bought two cactuses. There will never be too much of good! (Just do not understand why and when?)

I bought Cactuses - Cereus and Cephalocereus.

Cereus is an eternally green plant with small needles. I bought the biggest Cereus that was in the store. Cephalocereus - exactly the same as Cereus, only with small white hairs. I don't remember exactly what they are called.

The most important rule for watering cactuses is - better not to water it fully than to overwater.

Sitting on the ass, I stared at the cactuses. Why did I buy them? When did I manage to do this? Maybe I ordered them?

Sitting in a lonely apartment, I turned on the TV.

The reporter was broadcasting: "At the moment, the police have surrounded the dolphinarium building and are trying to negotiate with the militants. People who captured the dolphinarium claim to be from the dolphin liberation society. But we have information that these invaders are directly related to Buddhist terrorists, the information is still being clarified".

Sounds damn familiar.

- "For the second day now, the police have been trying to find out how many hostages are inside and establish contact with the invaders. At any time, the special squad is ready to begin the assault. The police already tried to enter from the back door, but immediately, they were fired upon by the militants. "

Yes, these guys are not joking, their mother to be fucked. It is becoming more dangerous and dangerous in our city.

Just think, and I already thought to join this dolphin liberation society. I could be there too. It is unlikely that they will get out of there alive. (Often I do not make stupid mistakes, only thanks to my laziness).

In any case, I should have a drink. Recently, I have become too nervous.

I don't even know what to do to calm down. Gotta be forever drunk, that's the only solution.

Hell! Today I still have to drag my ass to work!

But I still have time. (This is the only thing I have a lot of).

So, due to boredom, I again decided to call the number of the psychological support service. Margaret?! She is good, she is a good person, I feel it.

I picked up the phone and dialled - beep - inhale - exhale - words.

— Psychological help. My name is Margaret, I'm listening to you.

— Hello. It's me. Well, the one. Well, I called again. Just did it. Again.

— Mr. Emmanuel? I recognized your voice. Did you buy a cat or a dog, as I advised you?

— What? No, no, I've already spoken to you and explained that I don't have any problems. Yes, I don't really like animals. But I bought a plant. Cactus! It is cool.

— Nothing wrong. Many do not like animals in the apartment. The plant is good. Wait, did you say cactus?

— Yes, it's a cactus! I have two of them. I decided to do cactus breeding.

— Cactus? This is strange, but not important. Remember, the main thing is a positive attitude!

— I completely agree with you, positive is very important! Listen, I wanted to ask you, it may sound a little strange, but I still ask. Maybe we meet someday? Do not think that I'm crazy, it would be just nice to meet and talk over a cup of coffee, discuss cactuses or animals, for example.

— Sorry, but we cannot meet with patients clients. I would advise you to look upon the Internet, it is full of dating sites, I am sure there you will find a suitable pair for yourself. The main thing is to believe in yourself. Love yourself. Love the World. Everything will be fine.

— Yes, but I would like to meet only you.

— No, sorry, I can't. We are forbidden to do this.

— O, please, n-o-o, I can pick you up on my Renault and we just have a cup of great coffee and chat.

— No, mister. It is impossible. I will have problems because of this. I just help by phone and no more.

— Noo, please. Agree. Well, are you also interested in how I look? I'm sure of it. All issues can be resolved. With work, I will decide everything. You will not have any problems. Trust me...

— It is impossible. It is forbidden to personally meet clients patients.

— O-o-o-o... Let us see each other. We can sit down, drink coffee, calm down from everyday life.

— No mister! No.

— Don't the rules exist to break them?

— I want to remind you that the calls are not free, you'll pay per minute, do not waste your time and money.

— And how do I pay? I didn't say my bank card number ...

— It does not matter. We will find you. We find everyone. We will send an invoice ...

— And how? You do not even know where I am. Therefore, dear, I propose to meet, have coffee, and there I will pay as many francs as I owe.

— Stop it! I've had enough! I'm just a worker, of this filthy service!

What did you think of yourself there ?! I get paid too little for this shit! Do you want the truth?

So listen to me! I absolutely don't care about you! No one cares about you! And your cactuses are not important to anyone! I have enough of such perverts like you! Calling here from morning till night, whining, and I get pennies! I don't even have citizenship! Do you have any idea how hard it is

to live without citizenship in a foreign country ?! I have three children! Do you know how much it costs to feed three children, how much is their clothing, education?!

I hung up. I do not like it when they shout at me (I have long despaired of finding someone). And really, what came over me? Here I am an idiot. (Nobody needs problem people, everyone has enough of their own troubles)

While she was yelling at me, I seemed to become empty. Her revelation was a surprise to me. I feel like I don't even have any insides.

Like I'm just a shell with air that erodes over the years.

Looking out the window, I noticed that there was no police car on the street.

It made me a little happy.

What do they need? This question was interrupted instantly, because in the window I saw him, this eccentric in a brown coat. HE was standing across the road and looking somewhere, I can't make out where exactly. Maybe on me? Or am I just discussing, condemning, suspecting an ordinary passerby who has nothing to do with me at all?

In short, well, fuck it! He's already made me sick!

Damned spy. Does he think that I am an idiot who does not understand anything? Ha, I see all his vile plans through and through.

H-m. Only two thin doors separate me from the street. (I'm already tired of sighing).

I abruptly started scouring in my dresser and pulled out a strange pepper spray.

All my windows are covered with thick curtains.

The door is locked with two locks (Or one?)

I sat at home and asked myself different questions.

Do not pay attention to the fact that I am naked.

I often go around my apartment naked.

So the clothes do not interfere and it is not necessary to take them off and put them on constantly, and the body breathes.

V\_I\_B\_R\_A\_T\_I\_O\_N\_S. (Or is it not vibration at all?)

Everything that exists in vibration has its own vibration. Starting with Atoms and ending with my cactuses. Probably.

By the way, I need to water them. Yes i will do it right now.

I took a bucket of water and began to slowly water the cactuses. Very slowly and neatly. I am very neat. I like cacti, they somehow remind me of Veronica, the same prickly. So what? The same spiky and cold-blooded, lonely, irritable ... and? (How did I manage to remember her at all?)

I look at cacti and perceive them through silence ...

I love cactuses, if to remember, I met Veronica in a cactus store. (Cactus shop?) No, no, I messed it up, I met Veronica in a cafe. And more precisely, in a pizzeria: Pizzagate.

She was sitting mysteriously and drinking disgusting coffee. (or eating pizza?) She was wearing light high-heeled shoes. She wore an expensive but beautiful shabby coat, that shapelessly enveloped her slender, elastic body. The collar of the coat was raised to the brim of the hat, from under which a lock of brown hair hung up to the shoulders.

Her face seemed to be folded from broken lines, with a distinct sensitive mouth. She sat with her hands in her pockets and didn't completely extinguish the unfinished cigarette left in the ashtray. There was something

feminine in her silent and impudent pose, as if she did not feel her body and did not understand that it was a female body.

Then I sat down with her, oh, how long I had been gathering the courage to do this, then I did not show that I was damn nervous. Veronica had a cactus. That is why I remembered that. She then mixed me up with someone else and asked me: "Why have you been so long, the next three months will be very difficult, the Greek nut and pasta are lost in Hawaii, our people can't find them, and the hot dog from Chicago doesn't get in touch. Only we managed to get the cheese, there's been no problem arisen. I need a card, for the sauce. Have you brought it?" -

Then I was seriously surprised, and thought that this girl had mental problems - I thought so honestly; - "this girl has some mental problems" - bad luck, I chose an unfortunate moment for acquaintance, well, as usual, to hell.

Then she asked me: "Are you talking to yourself? X-ah! You are so cool and so mysterious. Do you think I'd better play dominoes on cheese or on pasta?" - Then, as usual, I did not understand what she was talking about and what she had in mind?

Well, then we got into a conversation, drank coffee (Or tea?). Veronica turned out to be a fan of the work of British musician Dave Hahn. Then she was only beginning to listen to "K-pop". I also adored Dave Gahan, we started a long conversation about the personal.

Severe attack.

I am shaking, all through.

What I turned to be, she would not like this.

Well, why do I need so many memories that pop up from my memory without any apparent need? I understand that all these distant events no longer have anything to do with me. Now don't have.

I feel the "IT" approaching. Just do not want to admit it.

My thoughts are swept away. The only thought that is currently spinning in my head is that I need to water the cactuses. In general, I am now watering them.

I remembered! I don't remember exactly where I met Veronika, but I definitely remember that it was not me who sat down with her and started the conversation, but she was the first to take the initiative. Probably.

«SILENCE?! - It has eloquence»

My apartment is the centre of the world. My room is the most beautiful uninhabited island. A desert that no one has ever crossed. I do not need anything else except this calm, except this silence, this numbness. Let the days begin and end, let the time run out, let my mouth close, let my occipital muscles, jaw and chin completely relax, let only the movement of the chest and the heartbeat still testify to my patient survival.

I am clean, transparent, invisible (This is a metaphor after all, I'm not serious).

I am a sequence of hours and days, a change of seasons, the passage of time I experience without joy and without sadness, without a future and without a past. So simple, obviously, like water that drips from a faucet in the kitchen. (I went and completely closed the tap, otherwise these droplets, these gurgles are very annoying).



I am the only one in the apartment. I feel that I am safe. The door is locked. The windows are also closed. Curtains are drawn.

I have no idea what time it is. Mummified in my own world, I can break out of it in only one way: destroying the memory.

Isolation carves its image on me, creating me in its image.

I am capable of intelligent communication only with myself, but all this disappears if I am next to a person in the flesh, I lose the ability to reason, speak and in less than an hour fall into sleepiness. Probably.

Whose gaze is this? What a familiar look. This look. Whose is it?!

Someone is following me, that's for sure. I'm starting to suspect everyone of this.

Perhaps this is related to my work. And it's also possible that this is Interpol!

They are watching me, but I have no idea who they are or what do they want from me.

What happened with me? This is not normal! Probably.

I will go to work. And then I'll get home, get drunk right away and go to bed.

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This morning was a normal day, but otherwise, I don't remember normal days at all.

I dare say that I bought myself another cactus - *Opuntia cactus*.

This type of cactus has flowers of a wide variety of colours. This is a flowering plant, they do it during day time. Many species bloom regularly. Others are rare, and some do not bloom at all.

I still worked on and on, but nothing interesting happened, the only thing is that I started collecting cactuses. I like these plants. Almost every day I buy a new cactus. Yes, and I generally decided to do gardening. I constantly read how to transplant cactuses, what fertilizing is needed, and so on. It is interesting.

Very amusing. No need to stand still, it is better to be interested in the new.

I have several dozen of beautiful cactuses, and they simply are a delight for my eye.

It's so interesting, damn it, my mood is straightened up when I look at them. Probably.

There is still time before work.

What would I like to do?

Should I water cactuses?

Why is it so dark here? Ah, yes, it's because of the curtains. But it's nothing, I like the darkness and the light is not annoying the eyes.

"Stop screwing yourself with all sorts of nonsense!" I ordered myself, trying to figure out the puzzle of my existence.

"You are a sick, cactus-obsessed recluse!" "Do you want to live like that ?!"

HEY, FUCK! I stepped on a cactus! (I hope this is not contagious?)

In the bathroom I pulled out three thorns. There was so much blood that it was like someone slaughtered a bull, I don't have any alcohol, so I've just bandaged it and forgot about it. It was fortunate that these spines did not go deep into my flesh. (As an antiseptic, of course, I used soda)

Then, with deep irritation, I took a bucket of well-maintained water and began to water the Cactuses. But as soon as I decided to count how many I have, from the pain in my heel I seemed to become fully aware of a fact.

One, two, three, four, five, six ... - But how many of them are here, damn it?!

My whole apartment, all in bloody Cactuses! (This not normal!)

Living room, bedroom, kitchen and even a toilet, all in pots with Cactuses!

Why the hell did I buy so many! (How does my heel hurt!)

What did I just think ?! (The word «pain» teaches me.)

I've had enough. S\_T\_O\_P (Well, what the hell am I doing?!)

It's time to start a new life. YES. It's time to deal with all this! YES! (Yes?)

I opened the curtains and let in the sunlight along with the dust.

It's time to tidy up the apartment a bit. (Quite a bit.)

I threw dozens of cactuses in the trash. But this did not free up space in the apartment.

I have to start all over again. Otherwise, I'll lose my mind like that.

You can't live like that. I am thirty-three years old! (but I still want to cry).

Enough, damn it! I will get rid of these damned cactuses! (In order not to step on the pain anymore!) And what kind of hobby is this? I am not an old man. I'd better sign up for Fitness! There are people there. Communication with people - that's what I need! (In a healthy body is the healthy mind!)

Damn gardening! I want to live! I don't know what kind of person I am or what I like.

Cactus breeding was my last attempt at self-identification - I like cactuses. (Damned self-determination crisis!) But in truth, I don't care, it's absolutely all the same. All people like something. Nothing interesting is to me.

It's time to start all over again, it's time to update. Again.

Change is the best spices for life.

Together with cactuses, I throw out not only the earth and pots. I also throw away all the accumulated shit inside me - this is a kind of psychological attitude.

I put things in order. Piles of newspapers, packs of books, cactuses and something else - all in the trash.

Every thing is torn out of its life, thrown into loneliness and emptiness. And in this confusion of the heart there is no longer any meaning. All these books, all these cactuses and something else, all this collects dust and pain. Loneliness - I don't need all this. Never needed.

I've decided; quit smoking and drinking. Although I did not really lean on all this. But now I want to change everything. Better now than never. It's time to change!

Better to pull pieces of iron in the gym than to constantly hang around in a lonely apartment with these damn cactuses!

Most of what you don't have to do today is not worth doing at all.

Maybe in fitness, I will meet interesting people?

In the fitness centre, I will make many friends, because I am an interesting and responsible person.

Meanwhile, as I was cleaning the apartment, a lot of time passed. Probably.

I got rid of almost all the plants. I threw out all the trash, all the old books.

Also, I've decided not to go to work today. Just laziness.

I was tired after this spring cleaning that so spontaneously burst into my life.

And what happens if I do not go to work once in my life?

But first, to eat some ice cream. (And I completely forgot about it).

I took it out of the refrigerator. It melted slightly. Probably my refrigerator is not working well, it would be necessary to call the engineer. But it's ok, I will eat it.

Oh my God! What is this divine taste ?! It's great! Amazing!

I had a moral nocturnal emission! Probably. How delicious, damn it!

This ice cream is the best thing that has happened to me in the last couple of months!

I am delighted! Ice cream, simply highest class. Delightfully.

It's so fresh and delicious in my mouth. I want it always to be (Not only in the mouth).

Well, I'm right on the beat today! The feeling that I am in good mind, in my place and doing something worthwhile, happens to me only in one case - when I stretch out on the couch, indulging in endless and meaningless questions to myself. Am I happy?

What am I doing with my life? I want to be calculating? Hell, yes. Yes! I want to be happy! (I do not want to regret anything, regret, hope, miss, or anything else).

Well then, it's time to get ready for work.

Stop stop! I didn't want to go to work today! Yes, what's wrong with me?

Yes or No? There is no third. Probably.

For all the time I've worked in this closed institution, I never missed a single day.

I deserved one day's rest! Today is Sunday!

I can also afford myself to relax. Just one day.

I do not want to go to work, it is sheer hell there.

Will I have problems because of this tomorrow at work? I don't know.

Let all tomorrow's problems remain with me tomorrow.

We spend too much time on small experiences and don't think about the main thing.

As long as we are alive, we always have the opportunity to change everything.

I am changing too fast: my today's reality refutes my yesterday's.  
Maybe.

Soft. My ass is drowning in the couch and I'm happy with everything.

Silence. Yeah, absolutely everything suits me. Probably.

Today is Sunday. (And my birthday - it is so unpleasant)

I do not want to do anything or to think about anything. I do not want!

Today I am not a manager, today I am just myself. Today I do not control anything, I do not look after anything, and I am not responsible for anything. Probably. Today I forgive everyone. Hell, yes! I let go all thoughts and grievances. I'm not going to drag it all in my head or even worse in my heart, I've had enough.

The habit of plunging into myself led to the fact that I finally lost the feeling of my sufferings and even almost the very memory of them. I want to let go of everything, I forgive it all to everyone (I don't know who exactly) and to myself. But something is not leaving me, some insult. Hm, I know what to do. Yes! I will call my Father and forgive him. I haven't spoken to him for a long time. Because I always had a complaint against him. I want to let go of this burden of resentment forever.

Taking the phone, I dialled familiar numbers that I hadn't dialled for a very long time.

Beep. (I'm so nervous, in the lower abdomen I feel tickling of intestines).

— Hullo. I'm listening...

— Hullo. Dad, it's me! Hi! Shalom.

— Hullo?! Line is bad!

— Hullo! Dad, it's me! Emmanuel!

— Who? I do not know such names!

— How you do not know?! Are you fucking kidding, dad ?! It's me! Your son!

— Aah, son? Hi! Shalom! How are you?! The connection here is very bad.

— Dad, I forgive you.

— What?! Son, what came over you?

— I say that I forgive you, father! I rethought my life, my past. And I want to tell you that I forgive you for all the pain you caused me, and you forgive me for being a bad son.

— What did come on you, son? You are already a mature man. Well, or who are you there?

I hope you haven't hit all this religious nonsense? After all, this is all a scam for the poets. Yes, and in your childhood, I almost did not beat you. Listen, Emmanuelle, I'm a little busy here. Now I travel around West Africa, playing Russian roulette. In general, I'm a little busy here, I was glad to hear from you son, you call, if something. But, to be frank, try not to call at all. Well, bye.

Here is the bastard! I forgave him, and he so coldly scored on me, as usual.

And after that, what can I do? It's somehow boring now.

Boredom catches me in those moments when I feel the absurdity of the World around me, that is, when it becomes, as I said, somehow inferior, unable to convince me of the reality of its existence.

Hmm, no no, I'm still going to go for work! I am responsible, am I not?

I have to come. I'm the manager! I need to keep order!

I have a responsible position! Who if not me? I must deal with this!  
I grabbed the keys and, going out to my porch, I found that I was naked.  
Having returned instantly, I got dressed and went to the parking lot,  
very tired.

You need to tune in to positive!

What is this, a CAT ?! (Does he have something against me?)

Black CAT has just crossed the road.

Is this considered a bad sign or not?

No, no, it's all just prejudices! Stereotypes, stupid stereotypes.

Since ancient times, the Black Cats have been given a mystical meaning,  
mostly only negative. It is believed that if the black cat crossed your path it  
leads to trouble.

Haha! What nonsense! The cat does not care about psychologically sick  
people who believe and invent all kinds of mystical nonsense about him.  
Cats shit on people, society and their opinions. He is just a cat, he just lives  
another one of his nine cat lives. (If the memory doesn't fail me; cats sleep  
70% of their lives).

This cat was even lucky. Cat is an animal that naturally exists in the  
World, unlike humans. We are people and our whole society; it is a society  
of chronically unhappy creatures. Maybe.

I look at this carefree cat and think: "Why? Am I worse than this cat?"

By the way, I remembered that in China a lot of cats are bred, as it is  
believed that this is the most profitable and cheap meat for food.

The cat led its road to nowhere, but I went to my car, where I actually I  
was going, I kept my way to my car.

Suddenly, unexpectedly, literally out of nowhere HE reappeared.  
(Eccentric in a coat)

HE came up to me, stopped and just silently, stood in from of me on the  
distance of one, maximum two meters. He took me by surprise! HE just was  
standing and staring at me, motionless like a statue. All finished, I am  
d\_o\_n\_e!

I have a feeling that life has almost left me, and my song is sung.

I already wanted to rush and start running, (Call for help) but I stood  
and quietly touched my own pockets in search of my pepper spray.

I will burn his eyeballs! (But this will not happen, because I did not find  
it since I remembered that I had left the pepper spray at home).

HE's like an undercover cop! I'm sure of it. They decided to grab me  
right after I left the house. It's obvious, damn it!

It is also very obvious that all the staff of our establishment is already  
under arrest.

They grabbed everyone! Now and I am d\_o\_n\_e too!

No, no, I won't survive in prison. I can not! (I do not want to do blow job  
for a cigarette!)

My mind, all my thoughts have come to unity: I WILL BETRAY  
EVERYBODY.

I'll hand over all with giblets! I will give all the names and surnames and  
something else!

I will surrender! Not too late! I'll say that I'm mentally ill, I once visited  
psycho-support, recently, I called psycho-support - all this will help me fool  
them. It is provable, it will help me to shorten the term. Probably.

Maybe, with luck, I'll be sentenced lighter. Although, if I surrender everyone, they can kill me in a cell or in a prison yard. They will get me there too!

Nobody will help me! These people do not forgive, they do not forgive, these people do not forgive mistakes. (Oh god, oh my god, what shall I do ?!).

Suddenly, HE jerked the edges of his coat and stood in the pose of a crucifix. Although it was more like a bat. HE was absolutely naked, naked. (What's happening?!).

— Become bare. Throw all the concepts off yourself. Remove all the shortcuts. Free yourself from the unconscious. Let go of all coming and going forms. - He said it.

I have no idea what he is talking about. It would be better for him to cover his nakedness.

I am in shock. I don't understand what is going on.

Do I have to run? But I'm too scared.

Does he have an erection? I am standing in a stupor.

Legs do not obey me. My feet stuck to the asphalt.

And again, the sound of jerking the edges of the coat, this stranger covered himself and began to run away from me. I became silent in silence.

In a stupor, scared and silent, I could not move.

HE was still running away, running down the street.

Standing in a daze, I watched as HE kept moving more and more away.

And finally, HE turned a corner and disappeared, damn knows where.

This mysterious man, without any respite, rushed at full speed through the maze of narrow streets and alleys, and finally turned into a small square courtyard.

As soon as HE disappeared, my legs suddenly came to their senses, I turned around and in small steps, slowly, headed for the car along the same empty street.

What the hell was that ?! And how to understand it, to perceive? And is it necessary?

To say that it was STRANGE is the same as to say nothing. (Is this strange?)

This is all too unrealistic, too stupid to be true. Probably.

What the hell is this? Fuck it all ...

I got into my Renault Capture and started off.

Along the way, I saw a lot of military men patrolling the streets, somehow it's even unpleasant to watch. Too negative. Probably.

I drove to the track. The road was flat and empty.

For a moment you can completely relax, forget about everything and surrender to your senses.

Somewhere at the very edge of consciousness, a knock of wheels breaks through thoughts.

... Parole-Parole-Parole...

When I arrived underground, there were a lot of clients, all the staff, surprisingly, worked tirelessly. Yes, what the hell is the day today?!

There even weren't enough tables for some visitors. The waitresses were too busy to take orders in time, and our cooks had no sufficient time to cook them. There were more than enough visitors. All cope without me. (It hit me). I've first got into a similar situation. All visitors only did that they were discussing the terrorist act. It was as if everyone had specially arrived at our establishment just to discuss that. But all this did not last long.

Praise be to all the gods, in the morning, the institution (underground) became empty.

I am looking at this emptiness and silence, and I cannot believe that only a couple of hours ago there were people here at all. All workers went home.

Well, I have to go. Today I've worked my part of the job. Probably.

But quite unexpectedly, I met Ruslan, who was standing on a stepladder and twisting something. (How does my head hurt - and I feel a little sick)

— Hi, Ruslan. How are you? What are you doing there?

— Hello, Mr. Borzouman. I change the light bulb, it burned out long ago.

— I see, but I didn't know that you are responsible for it here..

— Mr. Borzouman, you somehow look unhealthy. You look like a person who listens to too much nonsense. Are you empty?

— Devastated? Something I did not understand, it's all somehow pointless. Boy, are you an electrician here?

— It makes no sense? Life may not have any real meaning at all, Mr. Borzouman. The deeper purpose of life is to finally understand that you are only pretending that life in general does not have any deeper goal or meaning that you can finally understand. The main discovery is to see that you are making a tiringly monotonous journey to nowhere....

— What ?! What, do you think you're the smartest? Listen, Ruslan. I see you so rarely. We almost do not communicate. I am a Manager, I must know everyone. This is my responsibility. But I hardly know you. Who are you?

— Many ask me: Who are you? - answered Ruslan. What a blatant answer ?! Here is the impudent guy. He's strange, unsociable.

— Many ask, you say? And what do you answer them?

— I answer: many ask me who I am. - Ruslan said, collecting a stepladder, after which he immediately left me. (Autist lousy!).

... Parole-Parole-Parole...

Suddenly, I saw Monsar stepping out of the kitchen.

Apparently, was he in a hurry somewhere?

Oh my gosh, Monsar walks in my direction with such an aggressive gait, as if he wants to fucking beat me. Monsar came up to me end to end and said :

— Listen! Can you please transfer the order? Because I'm in a hurry.

— Well, actually, I'm a little busy here, Monsieur Monsar.

— You don't do anything, damn it! Well then, man. Listen. Firstly, stop messing around and contact me "Monsieur", I'm not even a Frenchman. And you are not French!  
Secondly, I prepared the order, but I'm in a terrible hurry. The tray in the kitchen, please bring it into room number six. I would be very grateful to you. I have to go now.

So strange, this time Monsar was very kind to me. (I don't believe it, he must be up to something)

Are we really, finally, for the first time getting a little closer?

... Parole-Parole-

Parole...

Monsar left me, and now I'm completely alone. Although not, there is Candide.

Let him bring the order and I'll go home. And here he comes. I need to be in time to throw everything at him! I called him, and he was already putting on his coat in a hurry.

— Hey Jensen! Oh, do you have a new jacket today? Cool! Listen, can you help me with something here?

— Forgive me for God's sake, I'm in a hurry! I have a trial in the morning. And a date. Candide came up to me, there was no smell of alcohol from him this time. Which made me very happy. (A Date?!).

— Damn my ears, or did you say that you have a date tomorrow after the trial?

— Well done! I met just a gorgeous woman. This is love at first sight. She gave me confidence. And the love to life.

— Oh, god, I'm very happy for you, buddy. And where did you meet her?

— I am in a hurry, but I will tell you. We met at a pub. After another court trial, before work, I went to the pub, and there she was drinking absinthe from the bottleneck. Well, I thought I'd drink with her, show her how to drink. In general, in short, we got very drunk and ended in a draw. But none of us calmed down! And she paid for everything herself. And then I understood. Here she is my woman! We've been drinking all night. And the next day we drank, we didn't even have sex, there was no time, and that's how we were drinking hard. After work, I immediately went to drink to her, and we drank again, and then both of us realized that we had met that very soul mate, which myths and legends are about. It was as if we had, have and will have some kind of mental connection, we understand each other without words, only with a bottle in our hands. Some kind of mysticism! So we realized that we would be together forever. We will drink hard! We won't dry out! We will drink every single day while we are alive. And that pub, by the way, hers, she owns several pubs in the city. I'm sorry for God's sake, I'm in a hurry, I have to go.

— Wait a minute! Aw! Do not squeeze my hand so hard! Learn to control your buffalo power, damn it! My right arm is pulsating, I believe my tendon is damaged, again because of him.

— I'm sorry, for God's sake, I'm in a hurry. Well, bye.



— Wait a minute! Wait! Stop! I beg!  
— Sorry, for God's sake, I'm in a hurry.  
— S-t-a-n-d still! How many jackets do you have?!  
— Three hundred sixty-five! - He shouted to me in response from afar, at the very exit.

My curiosity is fully satisfied. (How much - less I did not expect).  
But, this is a damned order, I'm so lazy to take it. I wanted to avoid it so much.

Eh! Well, I have no choice. I have to deal with everything here!  
It's strange, why did I hear for the first time that someone settled in the sixth room?  
I took the order and went to room number six. I'll take it and I'm free.  
What could be easier, huh, what the hell could happen?

... Parole-Parole-Parole...

I am trudging down the corridor with a cursed tray which Monsar impudently thrust at me.

His politeness today even surprised me.  
At the moment, I'm coming to the sixth door and knocking on it.  
Damn it, why am I doing the work of the receptionist?!  
— Konbanwa. Stop muttering under your breath, freak.  
— Again? What the hell are you doing here? And you yourself are dead! And I'm a manager!  
— I'm resting. You come already in, freak.  
— Who is the freak here ?! You freak yourself! Freak, with a clown makeup on his face! And I'm a manager!

Suddenly I heard a displeased voice coming from the room:  
— Who has got rolled in there ?!  
— Some freak brought an order and claims to be a manager. Ha-ha, don't pout, I'm just joking, come in, freak. You are so strange.

I went inside and began to suspiciously inspect the room, but suddenly I saw a dwarf - that same midget dwarf. He squinted at once and gave me a cold look. Maybe the last time I'd insulted him? Should I apologize? No! I guess this is nothing. But why is he looking at me so hatefully?

The dwarf is still looking at me as if he was about to attack me.  
A man was standing in the middle of the room and twirling his limbs, demonstrating the wonders of human stretching.

— Do you like sushi? Eh-gay, and I know this guy! He has strong legs! - exclaimed a very familiar voice.

I will ignore him. Like everyone here! You just need to leave the order and go away.

Inhale, exhale, inhale - exhale and again ... - exhale?  
Do not look back, Emmanuel, look down - I repeated to myself, do not start, just ignore and leave, the main thing is not to turn around.  
— Emmanuel! That one and only! How are you?  
— Sir, do we know each other?  
— Come on! What, are you still pouting, baby? Oh!

This is not funny, damn it! So I do not laugh and do not respond to his flirting too.

Without stopping laughing, he still does not cease to try the fire of his eyes on me ...

— Come on! Do not ignore me. What happened is gone! I never hold a grudge on people. Relax, we will all die anyway.

— As-salam malekum!

— Farrukh, dear, do not interfere in communication so sharply. Don't be ignorant.

— Nothing wrong. Chat, I'll wait. I'll wait even until the day of judgment.

— Purely for the sake of interest, monsieur. - I said.

— Yes-Yes...

— You too? Are you another connoisseur of forbidden cooking? Do you understand what I mean?

— Hah, no, no, I don't eat anything that has eyes. The eyes are the soul. Recently, I don't eat meat at all. No, but, of course, I can allow myself meat one time every six months, I just live in Asia now, and there's a slightly different philosophy ...

— Sorry for another embarrassing question, sir, it might seem silly to you ...

— All questions are stupid ...

— Kimono, is it now on you too?

— Of course! It is always with me. Wearing a kimono under ordinary clothes, I feel more confident. The true goal of the art of Karate Kyokushinkai is not victory or defeat, but the formation of the character of a person. Karate Kyokushinkai calls for abandoning pragmatism, only instinctive thinking can comprehend the fundamental principles of being. Well then, please forgive me, but I need to leave. Maybe I'll see you again sometime, man. Bon voyage.

The androgynous book seller waved a fan and left the room with a displeased exclamation. - Guys! Hurry up! Do not make the lady wait.

— Monroe-san, we're already going, honey. My beautiful lotus flower, we are running.

The damned Arab, along with Jean-Jacques Rousseau, left the room.

Suddenly, a middle-aged man came out of the restroom and came straight to me..

Oh my God! I recognized him. Yes, it's Giuseppe Tartini! Famous Italian movie director! This person knows a lot about cinema. Although he makes films only in prodigal America. (I'm his fan!) He is for sure not an undercover agent!

I refuse the idea of finding any flaw in him. I watched all his films. Can I ask for an autograph? No no, it's not professional at all.

— Drink some whiskey! Come on Emmanuel! Well, have a drink with us! Come on, come on, don't be shy. And today it is Chinese New Year!

— I can't, seigneur, I'm at work. - (And today is Chinese New Year?)

— To hell with work! Come on, it is the "Dalmore 62 Single Malt Scotch". I myself never liked whiskey until I tried "Dalmore 62 Single Malt Scotch". Here you are, hold.

— Well, since you insist. I'll be the last villain if I don't get out of my way to please you, señor.

— I insist, come on, to the bottom.

I had a drink. I drank to the bottom. What a disgusting taste.

I don't really understand whiskey, but it tastes like the most ordinary whiskey from the store.

Giuseppe Tartini also drank everything to the bottom and asked:

— Well, what can you say?

— Thanks!

— Well, not thanks! What do you think of this great drink?

— Nice whiskey, seigneur.

— What? Nice, you said? Damn good whiskey! Damn good!

Let's try to start our dialogue again! So what do you think of this great drink?

— Damn good whiskey seigneur!

— Yes, you're right, damn you, everything else is just pee compared to this!

Suddenly the dwarf began to scream:

— Hey, Porter! Porter! - Is that he to me? (And we don't have a Porter in our underground, are we?)

— Ignore this little prankster. He just kidding you.

This is from the QUADROPHENIA music album. Personally, when I say the word "Porter", I usually remember the movie "PORTER". Have you seen this movie?

— E-m..., no seignior.

— You should see. This film is just a masterpiece. Now they don't make that kind of movies. It is rare to see in modern cinema a film worthy of not only viewing, re-viewing, but most importantly is that it makes reflections on what you saw. Such a movie is amazing, it touches the inner strings of any thinking viewer, a deceiving leisurely narration, behind which lies the crazy dynamics of feelings, emotions ...

The man whom I had not noticed before, sitting in the far corner, decided to join the conversation ...

— You are absolutely right, my friend! When a movie is shown on the screen, many plots are seen, but they are not real. Only the screen is real here. The screen in the cinema does not need to control the characters of the film, the screen equally accepts any comedy, drama, farce and tragedy, without giving any preferences. The viewer must complete the whole picture himself, become its co-creator. Silence is banished from screens, banished from communication. Images supplied by the media.

— Shut up! Because of your filthy Hindu accent, I didn't understand anything at all!

We have so many problems even without that.

— All this time you have been carrying utter nonsense about some kind of land-prison ...

I slowly laid the tray on the table, when suddenly Mr. Tartin looked at me and asked: "Are you in a hurry?"

— Actually, yes, I'm in a hurry. Well, really not in a great hurry. But I'm hurrying up.

— Excellent! Then let me introduce you! This little bastard who loves to interrupt everyone is Ted. Ted say hello to Emmanuel!

— How are you, Porter?

-- With Jean-Jacques Rousseau and Farrukh Bulsard, as I understand it, you have already met ...

-- Yes, seignior.

-- What ?! Jean-Jacques Rousseau ?! The same French philosopher, writer, thinker of the Enlightenment?

-- No-o, another.

-- A-a-a, well, understand.

-- Sorry for his manners. And mine, because I introduced you all, except myself.

I am Giuseppe Tartini. Glad to meet you Emmanuel.

— I am also very pleased to meet you, seignior.

— How many times more do I have to repeat? Put out the cigarettes!

Passive smoking is much more harmful! I don't want to get throat cancer or even worse lung cancer.

— You have brain cancer a long time ago, buddy.

— Cancer? Ha! I'm not afraid to die! And to disappear! Before I was born, I was absent for billions and billions of years, and I did not suffer from it at all. And I was not afraid ...

— Well, here again this damn negativity. Let's not quarrel. Today is the Chinese New Year. Let's celebrate!

— To rejoice at such nonsense as "Chinese New Year", in my opinion, is absurd and unworthy of the human mind. The Chinese New Year is the same rubbish as the European, with the only difference being that the old year was bad and the new year is always worse. In my opinion, when you meet the new year, you need not to rejoice, but to suffer, cry, attempt suicide. Do not forget that the newer the year, the closer to death, the wider the baldness, the more sinuous wrinkles, and less money.

— Shut up and just put out those damned cigarettes! This is poison!

— And I like to smoke cigarettes! I like to think about the fire that a person holds in his hands. Fire is a powerful and dangerous force that a man has tamed and holds at his fingertips, thinking of his soul.

— We are all soulless, homo sapiens. Primates, macaques, chimpanzees. Animals!

— If the soul exists, it would be wrong to think that it is given to us already created. It is created on earth throughout life. Life itself is nothing but these long and painful birth. When the creation of the soul, to which man owes himself and suffering, is completed, death comes. And then the dinner party.

— H-m, chimpanzee? Hey, Porter! Do you prepare a chimpanzee brain in your place?

— Of course sir. Would you like to order?

— Nah. I just asked. Is this macaque alive or what?

— Yes, sir, it's alive. The skull of the animal is incised before the eyes of the "esthete gourmet".

Then the "cap" is removed and you are given out spoons for picking out the brain. So that chimpanzees do not show resistance and do not die from pain shock, they are given alcohol for a week. Judging by the reviews of those who have tried monkey's brain, this delicacy tastes like rice pudding. At least it is recorded so on the menu, sir ...

— And I ate a chimpanzee brain once.

— Yes? Did you like it?

— Somehow it is tasteless. A bit like rice pudding. The same tasteless, too.

— So far, tasteless was your damn whiskey.

— Then stop drinking it!

— He's trying to get you crazy! Do not give yourself to him. Stop talking nonsense, little drunken bastard! - Answered a voice coming from the next room.

— Ah, yes, Emmanuel, I'm sorry, I forgot to introduce Idander Bhutanath to you.

You've already met him, right? He is a pretty big businessman from India.

— Yes, yes, we have already met. I apologize for the tactlessness, but I do not like to introduce myself. You see. At first, all this was only the Atman in the form of a purusha.

He looked around and did not see anyone but himself. All this was then indistinguishable.

He became distinguishable by name and image. "I am a man and God, by the grace of the Lord"

I am Idandra Bhutanath. Good to see you again, mister. Okay, I'm not so happy.

— Do not speak my teeth! Put out the bastard cigarette! I do not want to die from cancer!

These gentlemen continued to quarrel, argue and shout at each other. Discussing very strange things. And I silently watched it.

But, suddenly, that clothed clown returned to the room completely alone.

— I lost my makeup bag! No one saw it?! It looks like this, with sparkles and dragons..

— No one cares about you and your makeup bag with dragons! Damn crossdresser!

— I have long stopped fighting with my female half. I change clothes to get rid of depression and reduce, discharge psychological stress. I just play the role of a woman, this is a game like that. Fetish.

— Shut your mouths and listen to me at last! How much have I to repeat this to you.

We are all in prison, we are hostages of our own thoughts and mortal bodies! Planet Earth is a kind of catalyst for human souls. Some are born in prison, and some were sent here for the correction. All the justice of our little world is not at all in how we imagine it. And in how it is embedded in the system of correction and cultivation of the soul.

— I think so. The world is not created for us! We all crave to be deceived. It is better to die from pleasure than from illness and suffering. And speculations about a worldwide conspiracy! I feel neither thirst for eternity, nor special respect for either the saint or the last rogue.

— You are a consumer! Damned capitalist!

— Give me millions and I'll squander them like the last son of a bitch!

— And the others? Other unsecured and outstanding people. What should they do?

— Others? To hell with them! To hell! In my opinion, it is better to laugh at their sorrows than to cry over my own. The "rich" are cruel, but the "Poor" are wrong when they complain about this cruelty, because not the rich create the poverty of the poor, but the poor create the wealth of the rich.

— Here is a scoundrel! Yes, he does not care at all! Like I am. But, gentlemen. A person cannot always be judged by his actions. He can abide by the law and still be a villain. He can transgress the law and yet be fair. He can be stupid, never doing anything stupid. He may be educated, but at the same time remain a petty idiot. He may be a manager, but perform the work of a waiter. He may be soulless, but beautiful and soon get it ...

— Gentlemen, I do not care, I'm just a manager. By the way, I have to go. Let me leave? - I said. - I don't want to stay here for a long time, damn it.

— Ha-ha, you are a young man, who, apparently, is not surprised at anything, considering everything that happens as a dream, and believing that he is about to wake up. Dreams are a reflection of reality. Reality is a reflection of dreams. Every person that appears in your life, all the events that happen to you, all this happens to you because you brought them here. And what you will do with all this further, you choose yourself. Choose. Do not be afraid to make a mistake. After all, there are no mistakes in life at all, even to consider that they happen, in fact, will not be a mistake. Stop tagging along and blaming your own steps. There is only one reality and it is you yourself, although you don't know about it. When you wake up in this reality, you will no longer be something, and therefore you will be everything. - I do not understand? Is he telling this to me? (It's time to go).

— Go to hell! Lousy Hindu! I didn't like you since our first meeting.

— Ted, dare not to be rude with my new friends! Shut your mouth already! How can such a small person twaddle so much ?! You know, Ted, when I first met you, I realized that you, as an actor, have a great future, for a little person. It's very convenient to take you to the movies. But now, I realized that you are just a little crazy!

— If only I were not to a large extent an actor, I would not stand even an hour of my life. I know you hate me! Everybody hates me.

— I don't hate you at all.

— You hate me! He has started the first! He spreads the negativeness!

— Gentlemen, let's not quarrel. This is disrespectful in relation to each other and to ourselves.

— Relax. We all here absolutely equally do not respect each other.

— Do not interfere! This dialogue is only for two men! Everyone hates me because I'm a black dwarf gay! No one loves Ted! You are all racists and homophobes! Nobody takes me seriously! No one wants to hear the truth about our World! I'm trying to open your eyes to the world. All of you are brainwashed.

— Man, you are damn wrong! Everyone doesn't love you, not because you are a dwarf black homosexual. Everyone dislikes you, because you're an asshole!

Standing aside, I silently watched their quarrel.

Mini Ted swore in an undertone and looked around to find a heavy object that could help him to repay to his friends.

When suddenly this mini ted hit miss Monroe in the groin.

At that moment, everyone began to catch Ted, and he kept running around the room from them, laughing maliciously. But when they caught him, they finally calmed down. Even Ted himself.

I thought all this time; how can I quickly leave them? And why do I have the feeling that all this absurdity has already happened to me?

— The states of *deja vu* that you constantly experience throughout your life are similar to the choral chorus of the song of your Soul. So, the Main Question follows: Do you yourself perform your song, is it performed for you by someone, does it sound in you, or is it you yourself?

Is he talking to me? "Did I say everything out loud?"

— Emmanuel, do not pay attention to all this. So what was I talking about there? Okay, let's see what you brought to us! - Giuseppe Tartini said, after which we went to the tray that I put on the table. To be honest, I have no idea what I brought them, I just passed Monsieur Monsard's order.

Opening it, I was seriously surprised. But I didn't show it. I'm a professional.

Senor Giuseppe asked me to voice everything, voice every subject.

— Cutting board. Three nails. And-And-And-And-A Fucking Great Pineapple.

— Oh, and really, Pineapple! Wow! Yes, it is just huge! Well, come on, go on.

— Ice bucket. Frog Feet Sandwich.

— That's for me!

— And a cutter.

— Sharp as the devil himself! I asked for just that kind.

— A glass of boiled water with soda.

— I ordered this. Soda is just a unique product! It was used by the Egyptians, Sumerians, and even the Aztecs and Indians. Not without reason, the ancients called soda Ashes of Divine Fire.

— Okay, Emmanuelle, leave everything here, and bring the cleaver, ice bucket and cutting board to the table.

I want to get out of here quickly. I don't know what they were up to, but my foreboding predicted trouble. I heard them say that they had already warned people in the hospital to be expected. But, nevertheless, I did not fully understand what exactly they had in mind.

I tried to retreat. I'll quietly sneak from here, they will not notice. Yes, I will do this.

— Dear sirs, do not consider for rudeness, but I ask not to detain me.

I have to leave, damn it, they are all kind of weird.

— What? What are you muttering to yourself there? Are you talking to yourself? Ha-ha

Hey guys! This porter speaks to himself! Ha-ha - Here is the damned dwarf.

— Well, I have to go now. I'm finishing my job. - I said.

— Stand where you are! Wait, Emmanuel. Do not rush, guy. Come, sit at the table and have a drink.

Take your time, sit on this chair and relax. Sit down. Sit down all! And I'll explain how much fun tonight will be. So! Now listen to me carefully. We want you to help us. Don't get it wrong. And so, Emmanuel, the fact is that this is by no means, in no way connected with homosexuality. Maybe you thought we wanted to make you have obscene sex. Well, for example with me or with one of these eccentrics.

— You only speak nonsense and thereby scare him away! It is necessary to clarify everything in a few words. The stupider the closer to the point. Emmanuel, have you seen any Alfred Hitchcock movie? - continued Mr. Tartini.

— Well, I don't remember exactly. - I answered.

— Have you seen the movie "That Man from Rio"? If you do not remember, do not strain.

So here it is. In the film, the characters argued that one of them would not be able to light his lighter ten times in a row. If one of the heroes lights his lighter ten times in a row, he will receive a new car. And if you can not ignite it, then his little finger will be chopped off. Simply put, Idandra and Giuseppe argued about the same! Idandra said that Giuseppe would be able to light Idandra's lighter ten times in a row. If he does this, he will win the damn fucking, red, sports car of Giuseppe. But if Giuseppe loses, then he

must lay out to Idandra two billion rupees. Well, Emmanuel, what do you say?

— Well, you are all drunk! This is not normal (It seems to me or are they all looking at me?).

— You're right, of course, we are all drunk. We are damn good! And if we hadn't gotten drunk like that, then we probably would have put it in our pants. When a person is drunk, he does not lie.

And only then he speaks the truth. Do you know what the truth is? The truth is, my lucky gasoline Zippo will win me Giuseppe's car. Now guess what role you play.

— Heartless Porter.

— A man who absolutely does not care about us.

— Our executioner, Emmanuel.

— It is time for mature men and their decisions.

— I do not understand? Is that all just a joke, a practical joke? - I asked indignantly.

— Ha, well, wow, do you think this is my way of joking?

— Mr. Idandra, I do not need any role. I cannot morally chop off your finger - I said.

— Emmanuel, listen to me, your friend Giuseppe. Idandra and I are friends. The fact is that I'm afraid to chop off Idandra's little finger. Or maybe it will not have to be chopped off, maybe he will win. Idandra is confident in his victory.

— Yes, I am sure. Your car is mine already! You can say goodbye to her, buddy...

— You see, he is confident in his victory. We are all afraid. And we ask you to be our executioner. We're not nuts, like in that movie. We are not going to travel around the country and collect little fingers.

— By the way, in Japan, samurai used to chop off their little fingers when they were guilty before their master. Or in the cases, when needed to prove the allegiance to their master.

— What nonsense? Everyone knows that you bought yourself a new car a couple of months ago!

— All shut up! I'm talking now! And so, Emmanuel, my friend Emmanuel, we are all friends here. No one wants Idandra to lose his finger. We just want to chop it off. And if luck doesn't smile at Idandra, then we will put his little finger in a bucket of ice and take him to the hospital. We'll take him to the hospital, where we hope that it will be sewn.

— I heard that you can sew a penis, which means that you can also sew a little finger.

— Monroe, shut up.

— You are a lonely porter, and you know none of us closely. You do not know anyone, and you are alone. You see how others gather, snuggle, defend, hug.

But you stand with an extinct look, sit, watch, you are just a transparent ghost. You impose hope on impossible meetings. You are alone, despite the heavy smoke of cigarettes, despite Monroe, Teda, Giuseppe, you are alone in the cottony warmth of bars, underground, in the deserted streets where your steps are given, despite your sleepy complicity and sympathy for the last open bistros and other fast foods.

— Uh, I hate fast food. People often eat where hunger catches them. Imagine if all people would defecate in the same way.



— Monroe, shut up, please. Emmanuel! When you leave the "underground", you again cease to be a "receptionist", you throw off this mask, which has helped you live for so many years. Every single day, in the depths of your soul, you understand everything, but you will continue to play your part as a receptionist. In fact, we are all partly actors. We play different roles, getting lost in the labyrinths of some underground, naively believing that we are all a "receptionist".

But, this is a lie. Illusion. Self-deception. In the real World there are no undergrounds, and there are no porters.

— I am a manager! Manager, damn it! - I exclaimed displeasedly.

— So, Emmanuel, the whole circle closes on you! Idandra is my friend. I mentally cannot cut off his little finger. Can you do it? You don't know us at all! Impartial Emmanuel! A man who doesn't give a damn about us.

We want you to be our executioner, Emmanuel.

— No, no! That's it, I'm leaving! I'm not going to chop off anyone's fingers! - I was completely stunned by the unexpected turn of events and the role that they prepared for me.

Damn it, these guys are crazy. I need to quickly get out of here.

It's enough for me, I'll dump everything! Already sick of everything! (It's time to let them know)

— Gentlemen! It is time for me to go. My shift is ending. I have no right to linger here for a long time, these are the rules of our establishment ... - I said, turned with my back to these crazy and took three soldiers' steps towards the door.

But suddenly the voice of temptation and sin stopped my being.

— But what about the money! I have one hundred euros in my hands! Whether you agree or not, this money is yours. Just go back to your seat and sit down.

— I'm not going to chop off Mr. Idandra's little finger! This not normal. Maybe.

— Yes or no, no difference. But these one hundred euros are rightfully yours. This piece of paper has nothing to do with our request. Just take it and sit down. You can send us all to hell and go right out of that door. But if you spend another sixty seconds at the table, you will become one hundred euros richer. I respect you, but I ask you to be more lenient to us and give us one more minute.

— So let's clarify! I take the money, sit on the chair for one minute and then I can leave and you will not make any complaints to me.

— Exactly.

— Talking with you is the same as wandering through a maze that has no way out.

OK, I'll sit down for exactly a minute, but after one minute I'll leave right away.

Um, yeah, I'm sure I'll regret it. They are definitely up to something. But still, I returned and sat on a chair. They surrounded me like a pack of jackals. Miss Monroe spotted time - exactly a minute.

Meanwhile, Mr. Tartini continued to explain everything to me. He took a money press out of his pocket and began to lay out money on the table.

— Look here. I'll put two piles here. One is yours - this one hundred. Another can be yours. I will throw nine hundred euros on the second pile. Either you, or some tramp from the street, which we pick up. Our request is so unusual, I would say coming out of the ordinary, that if you agree, then

I'll finish another thousand euros for the second pile. And that two thousand. I bet it will remain in your memory forever! And you decide what to remember over the next forty, maybe thirty-five years. Well, there is a plus, minus. It does not matter. You will remember that you refused two thousand euros. Or you can agree and earn this money in a couple of minutes and go with an easy, slightly richer soul.

— A man waits all week for Friday and a whole life for happiness. Do not wait, create your own destiny on any day of the week, in any weather.

— Idandra, buddy, don't interrupt.

— That's all, a minute has passed!

— So Emmanuel, what would you say, what is your final answer?

— All right. I agree.

— Great, great! Perfectly! Wonderful! Well then, let's start.

Damn it, well, and why did I agree?

Anyway, my thoughts are absorbed in these beautiful pieces of paper that radiate power and bad taste.

Of course, at that moment, these moments of my consent, I was fully aware that I was making madness, but I could not overcome it. The excitement drew me forward, made me make ridiculous movements, and I no longer control myself.

This money is now mine! For the first time I've got them so easily. Maybe.

Hiding the cash in my pocket, I sharply grabbed the cutter and carried it over my head.

Mr. Idandra, put his little finger on the board.

Giuseppe Tartini took Mr. Idandra's "Zippo":

"CLICK" - it did not light up. Did not light up? Damn, didn't it light up?!

I took a deep breath, closed my eyes, and tried to calm down. Again and again, I came across the same insoluble problem: "It did not light up !!".

So what am I to do? So, do I have to hack? Oh god, this is fuck up!

My heart will fly out of my chest now. I'm scared, damn it, my knees are shaking, my hands are shaking. - No, no! I will do it! But why do I feel like it's all a setup or a hoax? No, no, it's necessary to chop, it's necessary, Emmanuel! (if this is all a hoax, it's not my fault, although this is unlikely, too stupid to be true).

Time seemed to stop. I pulled myself together and drove the chopper into the board, so that the blade went right down to the table.

Mr. Idandra has lost his little finger. He jumped up and fell to the floor, screaming hysterically.

— My finger !! Ahhhhhh !! Fuck your mother, how painful it is!!

— Wow, you are like a Samurai! Or the Yakuza!

— Fast, fetch the ice bucket! Where is the finger itself ?! As soon as Miss Monroe finished, dwarf Ted literally saddled her back, clutching at the collar of her yukata.

— After the hospital we go to the "SIDDHALOKA" to the disco!

— Or maybe better to Odessa?!

I could not stand it for a long time, well, fuck them! They turned my mind and soul into a sieve!

I don't even know to which rank they all belong? To the category of loonies? Or putzes?

Basically, I am also stuck in this uncertainty.

Okay, really. I'm not going to understand everything here.

Time to get the hell out of the way.

Suddenly my head started aching sharply, and more precisely, my temples began to shrink, as if my skull was clamped in a vise. And my brain, as if boiling, no, not boiling, my brain was literally pitching very strongly somewhere inside, in the very depths, and somehow I even felt uneasy. But I don't know if I feel bad morally or physically, everything is somehow mixed up.

My head is cracking, my tongue is barely tossing and turning, despair is in my soul (Well, as usual).

There are still many guttural cries and events that have happened, but still, I won't endure them morally, I won't even say what are they, no, no, I've had enough. To hell with them!

(From now on, even the simplest things seem like an overwhelming task).

I took the money and left the room. The rest does not bother me.

Then I heard a bucket of ice fall. All the ice rolled around the room. And only screams could be heard. Giuseppe Tartini called the hospital and was complaining:

— What does it mean he in surgery?! I had an agreement with him! What idiot does the operation at three o'clock in the morning ?! Today is Chinese New Year!

Hell! I'm already fed up with all this absurdity and madness!

I'm dumping. This is not my problem now. To hell with them!

«Excessive saturation is implausible. I doubt everything»

I closed the door and went down.

So it's time to close everything and go home.

...Parole-Parole-

Parole....

After a couple of minutes, I watched as the whole crazy four ran hysterically out of the house with hysterical screams. How stupid is it, damn it (Here you are scoundrels!)

— My finger !! My fucking finger!

— Where is the ice ?!

— There is no more ice! We scattered all!

— I don't understand how there can be no ice ?!

— Ahhh! Bitch-ah-ah-ah!

— Stop whining, all the same you're left-handed!

— I lied! I am a liar! I'm a damned liar! I'm right-handed! Right-handed is I am!!

— Right-handed? Are you right-handed ?! Oh my goodness! What have we done ?! We mutilated him!!

— Shut up! Better try to remember where the damn car is!

— Oh my God! Not a big trouble! Well, why alarm, the little finger was chopped off to him, don't need to whine and scream like a bitch, it's still fixable.

— What is fixable ?! You idiots didn't even agree with the doctor!

— Well, then all the more it makes no sense to whine and scream when nothing is fixable.

— Shut up everyone and look for the damned keys to the car!

— Hell! I forgot to eat my sandwich!

My temples are throbbing, my eyelids are drowsy closing - I'm morally exhausted.

The crazy four left the underground.

Silence, all is well, everything is as it should be.

From all this I felt terribly in need and I went to relieve myself.

In the bathroom, I peed and washed my hands, after which I put my head under the faucet, and cold water ran down my skull. I had enough impressions.

Cool water is rolling down my face. My head hurts so much as if someone is drilling it from the inside. How much it hurts. Hell!

I know why it hurts! This is because I think too much. I think about everything in the world. About what a delicious aroma in alcohol. About how I hate immigrants. That I have the thirty-third birthday today. And how dust lays on my soul. And all this fits in my head.

When will all this damn thing end? This is an amazing story.

Leaving the toilet, I went into the sixth room again, into the very one from which everyone had long escaped. What a mess is here. It will be necessary to include all expenses into their bill.

Ecoute-moi...

Out of boredom I turned on the TV. Before leaving, I wanted to know what happened there with this sensational attack?

Clicking the channels, I did not find anything except similar to this news - "The Indian economy cannot break out of the caste system, the gap between the castes is growing".

Continuing to click the channels, I suddenly saw a half-empty bottle of whiskey lying on the floor. Raising it, I took a couple of sips and again began to click the channels.

Well, it tastes like ordinary whiskey.

Even though it's my birthday today. So whiskey "Dalmore 62 Single Malt Scotch" for thirty-third birthday is not so bad. Maybe.

I always thought that a day is just a day, a second of the continuation of the last second and the beginning of a new one; today is completely today, perfect and finished on its own. There are no Mondays or Sundays; just days that hustle in a mess like today.

Damn box, nothing interesting! (ever repeating rallies).

Unfortunately, the channels did not show anything, when suddenly I came across daytime news. I stopped at the clicking of the channels and stuck on one because I saw the familiar face of a policeman.

On TV, I was watching my own street (What the hell?).

- "Police detained a picketer who opposed environmental pollution. Picketer - exhibitionist is detained. This exhibitionist has repeatedly picketed the oil export department. The police took a long way on his trail for the arrest.

It was also noted that the detainee was related to a radical group of Buddhist terrorists. We remind you that the ethnic cleansing of the Muslims of Rohingya in Arakan and the persecution against Muslims throughout Burma became a nationwide project in which all Buddhists of the country participated ".

In the box, I watched the police beating a naked man. Yes, they even did not beat him there, their crowd surrounded him and literally was slaughtering him like cattle. Now he will urinate with blood and drink fish oil from a tube.

What the hell is this?!

I saw something familiar on the screen.

Is this my street?

Yes, yes, that is my window.

And I didn't know that there is such an office near me.

I am observing earlier frames. I watch this exhibitionist stand naked and shout something about the freedom of nakedness. His genitals, of course, were censored. Many viewers are lucky (Unlike me).

- The archetype fell from heaven! And the Antichrist was reborn! THEY feed on our pain! THEY feed on our souls! The whole government is just actors! All countries are just their colonies! Brothers and sisters, as long as you relate to your nation, culture, mentality, we all live a dead life! The most valuable thing that remains is the clarity of our consciousness. All of these are fake! All thoughts are images in our head, everything that we see outside and inside, all lies! And for all this, we are paying with our own souls! We are all under the dome! Under the dome that is above us and inside us! THEY hid the truth! But the truth is inside us! False thoughts, false emotions, false desires, false, goals, false actions, false world, false life! There is only one way out that they are hiding from us! This is Love " .

Here I dropped the bottle from my hand.

Then I immediately turned off the TV.

In fact, this is not so impressive, it would be more impressive if he had self-immolation! That's might be cool, but now he's just drawing heretics' critic.

The only thing that threw me into confusion and shock was that I was a complete idiot with a boisterous imagination - Am I a senile, schizophrenic?

My soul is in terrible confusion, I breathe heavily and noisily.

I feel a victim of an exhibitionist. Here I am an idiot! Why am I such an idiot?

I was so nervous, so worried that the police were watching me that they would put me in jail. Yes, I almost went crazy with my nerves! I turned into a paranoid.

Parole...

Leaving the room, I went down the stairs.

There is nobody. It's empty.

It's time to close. But why am I sad?

Suddenly my head was spinning a lot; I walked on and tried not to pay attention to it, but my head was spinning more and more, and, finally, I had to sit down on the stairs. Everything inside me changed, as if it had budged, or some kind of veil, some kind of fabric was torn in my brain. Once so two I nearly choked and sat astounded. Just so unexpectedly and abruptly everything went away, as if it weren't at all, how strange, damn it, I probably got sick or just reworked.

«NOTHING ... you can't make out»

«NOTHING... to do about it»

«**THIS ... all that is**»

Enough for me, damn it! I'll go tomorrow, I'll sign up for fitness. Communication, sports, health, I know everything and I can do everything, I understand everything, I am literally sure that I will make many interesting acquaintances in the sports club.

It's time to change everything. It's time to start living! Probably for the first time, I know what to do.

To know how you live (It's for you!) You need to live a little without knowing it.

Now, as if something had arisen in me, finally, something alive.

I admit, all these years I was mistaken in my judgments.

I realized that the standard of living is the quality of life, and it is determined by our inclusion in the social World. But what's "social", I would even say, it is our inclusion in the being itself, and not by the level of income. You can eat simple food, walk barefoot along the seashore, listen to the cries of seagulls, enjoy the sunset and feel happy, or you can languish from longing in luxurious surroundings, pouring this longing by alcohol and dreaming of suicide.

Life is beautiful and multifaceted. You must not give up. Maybe.

Life goes on! I'm not afraid to live anymore! Fear kills the target. Fear destroys hope. Fear leads to insanity. I'm not afraid of IT anymore.

Now I take responsibility for my life! (I did not value what I had and have)

I don't hate myself anymore - I don't have any copyright on this. (I got it).

To know how you should live, you need to live a little without knowing it.

Now everything will be fine, because I'm already tired of bad. (How corny everything is!).

It's time to start all over again, from scratch. The necessity to take care of yourself is the greatest gift. I'M READY.

Well then, time to go home, damn it.

But what is it? - What kind of sounds come from the kitchen? Is there anyone in the kitchen?

I'll go and see. I'm a manager, however, I'm responsible (I control everything here, nothing will be hidden from my keen eye, I'll go now and figure it out!)

Indeed, someone was in the kitchen. This "someone" opened the refrigerator, clinked bottles and slammed the door. Then steps were heard. Light, small. Strange, I never considered myself nervous. The door crawled to the side with a quiet rustling.

Entering the kitchen, I heard music (But I saw no one).

I recognized it immediately; "Alan Delon & Dalida - Paroles."

This composition has already fucked up me! Why, the hell, does someone always turn it on?!

Strange, at this time all the staff usually leaves the institution. I did not see anyone in the kitchen (I'll deal with everything here right now!)

I felt a vibration in my pants - it was my telephone ringing.

But before I could get it out of my pocket, I sensed with the back of my head that someone was standing behind me.

A very strange feeling pierced me.

The phone in my pocket stopped vibrating.

As soon as I turned around, a train went through my head.

The pain was very sharp and dull. I instantly passed out and lost consciousness.

## HAPPY BIRTHDAY

Hot.

And yet more, uncomfortable and even too narrow.

Something, as if squeezing my whole body, as if in the womb.

I came to myself on something hard, slightly swaying, with tasty smell of fried skin. I can not say that I was delighted.

I felt some kind of liquid pouring over my face.

The familiar smell. I'm feverishly trying to understand where I am and what is happening around me. The liquid got into my eyes, and a sharp pain made me cry out.

It burned as if someone was picking in the eye sockets with a hot rod.

Broken lips burned like fire too.

In detective stories, the hero, recovering from being knocked out, pretends to be still unconscious, watching the villain with his cunningly ajar eye.

And only when he fully understands the situation and notices a gun lying nearby, begins to moan indistinctly.

It's not so easy in life. The body does not wait until consciousness returns. It begins to react, when the cerebellum barely comes to life. Therefore, I moaned at first and then began to think. Rather, I tried to start thinking. A new blow sent me into blackness much earlier than I understood something.

I hear: **Parole-Parole-Parole**

The second time I came to my senses not so fast. And in much worse conditions.

When I woke up again, I saw the one who bound me. It was that guy!

Damn it, I always forget his name ?! What is his name, there?

Remembered!

Frederick! (Or Alfred? No, no, is it definitely Frederick?)

This sick bastard! He tied me up on a cart! (On the cart?)

This very trolley usually delivers goods to the kitchen. Yes, he does not know what he is doing!

Now I am tied up in this damn cart, naked, and, apparently, covered with some sort of sauce and spices; trying to make some kind of sounds.

Does he really want to do this?

He kept coating me with something.

I can not scream. But I am trying. Only quiet, deaf cries come out of me.

Yes, even if I could scream, who would hear me?

There is nobody! The establishment is empty!

My heart is filled with fear!

Maybe this is just a joke?!

This sick psychopath greedily greased me with various sauces and sprinkled with greens. I saw madness mixed with love in his eyes. But this was not the worst. The sick bastard took a knife. He came up to me, smiled and ripped open my stomach, putting an unknown object into me. The pain was dull, as if heard from afar. Unfortunately, I did not lose consciousness. He continued to do something with me, but I had already started to disconnect.

Frederick grabbed the cart and lifted it. I kept trying to scream, but the lambda was doing its job, and they were not cries for help that came out, but only my saliva.

He opened the oven door. And turned it on. Red lights melted steel.

Frederick put me in the oven with the cart.

I hear the oven door close. No exit.

Turning around a bit, I see Frederick waving his hand at me, supposedly in farewell.

Sadness prevailed in his gaze, much more than pleasure.

Why is he doing this to me?

It is becoming dark in my eyes, but I do not leave consciousness. Hot. It's getting too hot.

There is not enough air. It is difficult to breathe. "Calm, calm, calm!" - it rages in my head, but I am infinitely far from calm. I scream, moo, wriggle with all my might.

It's not Frederick that scares me at all, but the fact of my presence in the oven.

I feel my whole body heating up, which will soon turn into a semisweet crust.



I could barely put my left hand into my left pocket and pulled out my phone with the phalanges of my fingers. Need to call the police! I can! I need help!

Better let the police cover all this underground! I have to survive!

Frantically, fingers curled up in pain, I still began to dial numbers that I had never dialed in my life. I feel the pads of the buttons with my fingertips.

I almost did it! Only need to calm down and just click on the call button...

My mouth is clogged. But it's nothing, I will moo and they will understand that I am in danger.

Suddenly someone called me.

Most probably; all the numbers I had difficulty typing were completely lost.

The screen read: "Incoming call: Veronica"

Because of nerves and trembling, I casually dropped the phone from my hand.

The phone has stopped vibrating.

V\_I\_B\_R\_A\_T\_I\_O\_N\_S. These vibrations are coming from somewhere below. My head leaned down and I saw the source of vibration - it was my phone. My blurred gaze pierced the light through which the text appeared: "Open the Door"

Ecoute - moi...

I am not a man any more. Not a man, but two-legged impotence.

I am a bundle of nerves writhing in pain. What should I do?

The weight is falling, as if a stone slab was laid on top of me.

It's hot and sticky and very painful. It's getting dark in my eyes.

But, even losing consciousness, I can't believe that it has happened - I am dying.

Not in forty, fifty years, but now! Not in a bed, surrounded by relatives, but on a cold and dark oven smelling of urine. And nothing can be changed. Everything is final and irrevocable - it is already very close.

Frederick suddenly opened the oven door pulling me out of it a little.

I inhaled the air. And then I felt a long, cold, sharpened blade enter the back, just above the kidneys. Pain is piercing my back, monstrous pain.

And then again.

And more ... - more ...

My insides are slashed.

Something gurgles there, bursts, breaks, flows ...

...Parole-Parole-

Parole!

Frederick put me in the oven again.

At that moment, the thought came to my mind: "Emmanuelle, you are dying."

I struggled to breathe, but the fluid prevented the passage of air in my breathing. I felt bloated and lethargic, immersed in some kind of viscous surrounding environment.

I feel life flowing out of me, again I hear these sounds, now heard louder, as if hundreds of thin threads were torn. Feet, toes have lost sensitivity. Numbness began to rise in the legs. I tried to regain sensitivity, but could not. Something cold was filling my stomach and chest.

I feel how slowly, slowly, with a thud, my heart beats like a drum. It is absolutely useless.

Indeed? Will I die? I will not die in five, ten years, but now?

I DO NOT WANT TO DIE !! I DIDN'T LIVE YET !! I DO NOT WANT TO DIE !!  
(I Know)

...Parole-Parole-

Parole!

I do not believe! All this is some kind of fake. Not real. I want to go home!

Maybe it's just a dream, just a nightmare?

Maybe I'm still hanging out in my lonely apartment?

...Parole-Parole-

Parole!

The fear that overcame me, is only an illusion in my heart - a mystery leading me underground.

The main and special feature is that all this is not an accident at all, as if all this, from the very beginning, went as it should be. This is specially rigged! Why me?!

I can still hear the sounds getting louder, I feel pinched and cramped.

m'arrive ce soir,  
to me tonight)

fois.

C'est etrange, je n'sais pas ce qui

(It's strange, I don't know what's happening

Je te regarde comme pour la premiere

(I'm looking at you like for the first time)

The spirit of life is gradually dying out in me; my soul is already struggling to break out of its dilapidated shell.

My whole life is closed by a vacuum, which is lit only by a single meager red light, burning with the light of my even more meager hopes to start all over again.

...Parole-Parole-Parole!

My space has become cramped and uncomfortable.  
My weak heart was looking for easy ways. What to do?  
I have to do something about it!  
Yes, what can I do from what I have to?!  
The question "what to do?" had already tired me so much that it seemed to me even funny.  
I answered it very simply and briefly - NOTHING.  
Was there something in the beginning? (oh, well, yes, from the very beginning I was here)

t'inventerais.	Si tu n'existais pas déjà je
you)	(If you didn't already exist I would invent
	Encore des. Parole-Parole-Parole!
	(Again. Words, words, words)

HERE IT IS, that very moment. I was here from the very beginning, wasn't I?  
The last minutes flashed, a few, irrevocable.  
I already feel almost nothing.  
My whole world is a bulb light on the ceiling of the oven.  
Light at the end of the tunnel. But it does not bring salvation.  
Why my whole life is a series of still pictures, different varieties of the same crap?

Que tu est belle!  
(How beautiful you are!)

**Me** and my suffering, questions, answers, decisions, attitudes, affection, rejection, preferences, compromises, conclusions.  
**I am** the main Ingredient of the all-universe dish of duality.

Encore des...

The pain left my body.  
**I** stop being what I never should have become.  
The world to which I belonged has disappeared, and I disappear with it.

Que tu est belle!  
(How beautiful you are!)

**I** merged with the furnace, dissolved in it. It has completely swallowed me.

*Nothing exists except me.*

....Parole-Parole-Parole!

**I** became inseparable from the furnace, I became its heat.

*I am unchanging in all changes, formless in all forms.*

Encore des...

**I'm** ready to warm the whole kitchen together with my killer.

*I am all-pervading, unlimited in time and not bound by space.*

....Parole-Parole-Parole!

**I** stopped being.

*I am universal perfection ...*

paroles...

vent...

Paroles, paroles, paroles, paroles,

(Words, words, words, words, words)

Encore des paroles que tu sèmes au

(Again you throw words to the wind)

## IS THIS: THE END?

### **P. S.**

Authorities are still counting losses during incident in the dolphinarium.

After the so-called "terrorists" kept the hostages in the dolphinarium for 24 hours, the special squad attempted to storm, during which thirteen hostages died and six were seriously injured. In the end, after a fierce firefight, the special squad managed to eliminate all the terrorists. It was later discovered that the terrorists managed to release all the dolphins into the sea.

The institution (underground) is still continuing its activities to this day. True, there was a change of personnel. No, nothing is wrong with Jensen, he is still working and is suing his ex-wife, and his affairs are getting better on the personal front. In the underground, only the chef had to be replaced. Since Monsieur Monsar lost his second eye while he was trying to pluck another rare bird. Monsieur Monsard believed that the bird was already dead, but suddenly it jumped up and pecked his only eye. If I am not mistaken, it was: White-billed Royal Woodpecker.